

G.I. JOE



Joe Meets LILITH THE TIGRESS 10c
52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

No. 9
MARCH



Saunders

War With A Pen
in "DEAR JOHN"

A 'Buddie' Special GRUMPY'S SWEETHEART



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

QUICK CHANGE



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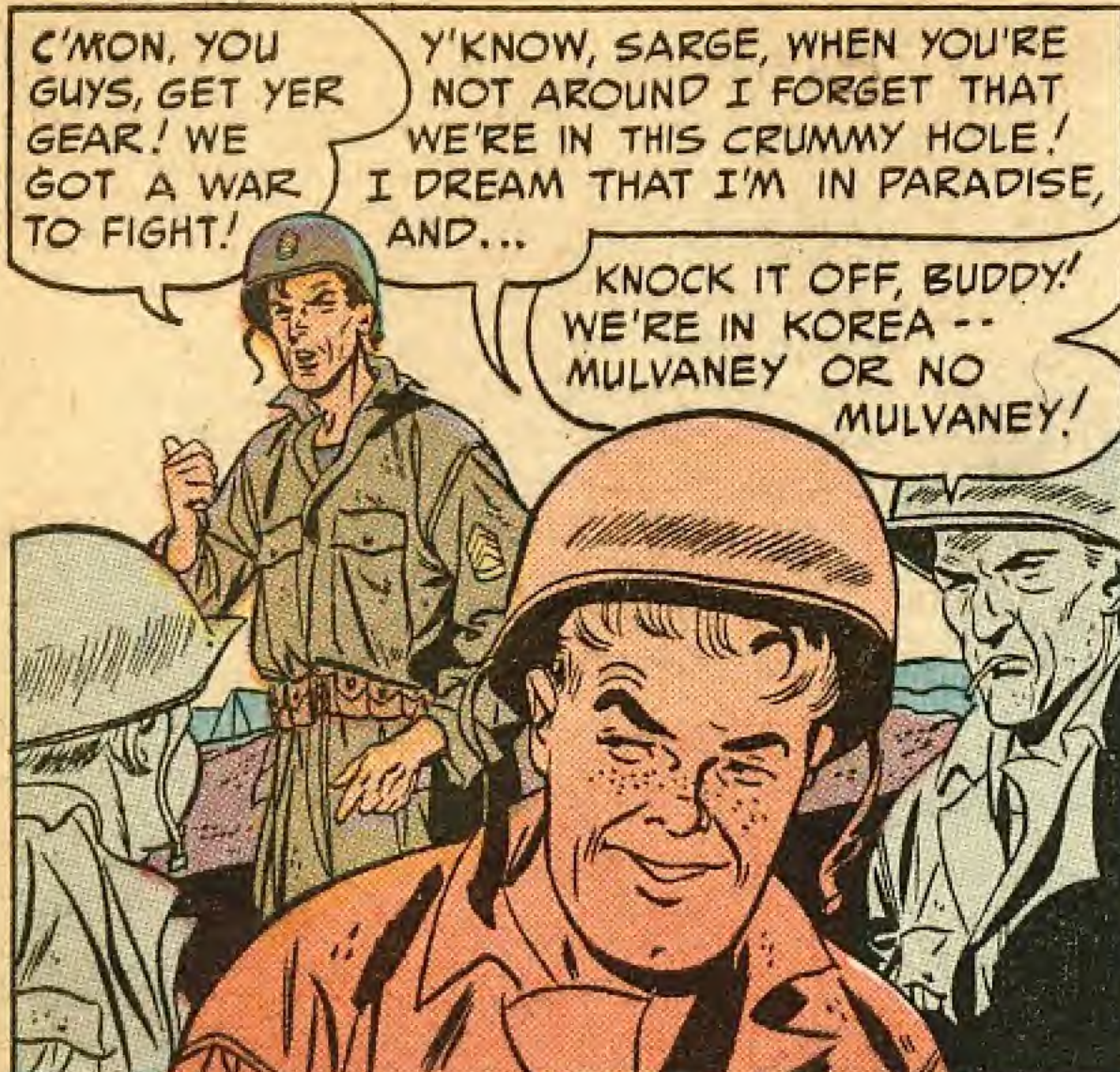
G. I. JOE, Vol. 2, No. 9, MARCH 1952, published monthly by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice Presidents—Michael H. Froelich, Director Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director. A. T. Pullen, Secretary-Treasurer. Herman R. Bollin, Art Director. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Single copies 10¢. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions, \$1.20 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

G.I. Joe in "Dear John:"

OUR GI IS WELL-EQUIPPED TO FIGHT HIS ENEMY. HE HAS A DEFENSE AGAINST EVERY WEAPON, AND ANYTHING HIS FOE MAY THROW AT HIM IS QUICKLY RETURNED WITH INTEREST. BUT THE GI IS HELPLESS WHEN HE FACES THE DEADLIEST WEAPON OF ALL: THE "DEAR JOHN" LETTER! AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND "BAKER" COMPANY TAKING A WELL-EARNED REST. CLAY CALDWELL, THE PRIDE OF OGLETHORPE, GA., FLASHES A SNAPSHOT OF HIS GIRL ELLIE FOR THE ONE-HUNDRETH TIME ...





C'MON, YOU GUYS, GET YER GEAR! WE GOT A WAR TO FIGHT!

Y'KNOW, SARGE, WHEN YOU'RE NOT AROUND I FORGET THAT WE'RE IN THIS CRUMMY HOLE! I DREAM THAT I'M IN PARADISE, AND...

KNOCK IT OFF, BUDDY! WE'RE IN KOREA -- MULVANEY OR NO MULVANEY!

BUT IN A FEW MINUTES, JOKEs ARE FORGOTTEN AS LT. PARKER BRIEFS HIS PLATOON...



... AND THESE REDS IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR HAVE BEEN INFLECTING HEAVY CASUALTIES ON OUR TROOPS! OUR OPERATIONS WILL BE JUST ONE SMALL, BUT IMPORTANT PART OF A HUGE DRIVE TO TRAP THE ENEMY IN A GIANT PINCERS... ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S GO!

AT THE BATTLEFIELD THE FIRST PLATOON MOVES UP TO RELIEVE A TIRED, WORN OUTFIT, WHICH HAD BEEN UP FRONT FOR TWO DAYS...



THE FIRST THING YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS WIPE OUT A RED MACHINE-GUN NEST! THEY'VE BEEN TEARING US APART! AND THOSE CLOUDS HAVE KEPT OUR JETS ON THE GROUND. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS OPERATION SO TOUGH!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM, SIMPSON!



MULVANEY, TAKE SOME MEN AND CLEAN OUT THAT NEST!

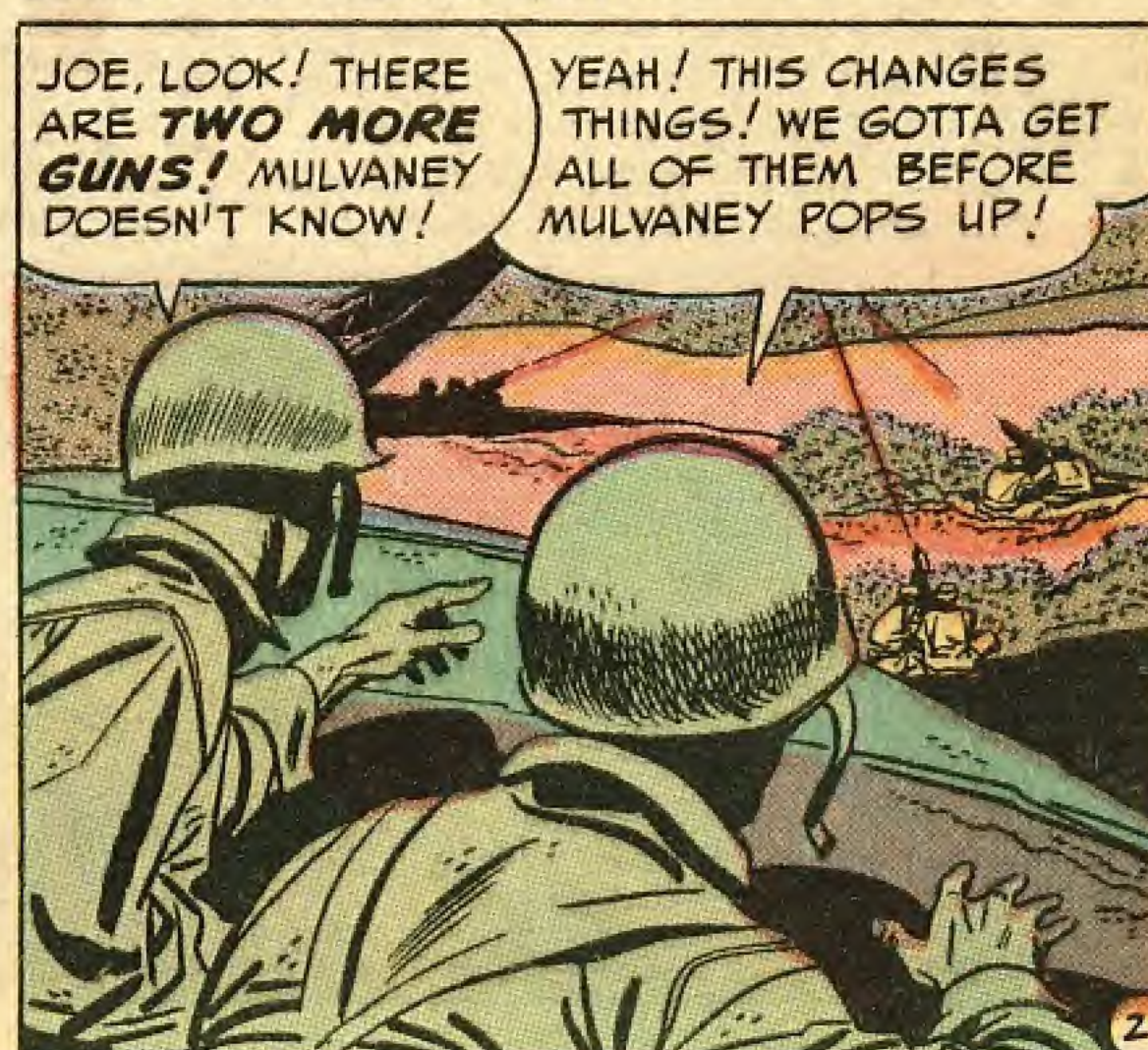
YES, SIR!

SELECTING JOE, HOOSIER, HAWKINS AND CLAY CALDWELL, MULVANEY LEADS THE SQUAD TOWARD THE ENEMY LINES...



NOW, LISTEN, YOU GUYS! HERE'S HOW... JOE AND CLAY TAKE THEM FROM THE REAR, HOOSIER AND I WILL BE UP FRONT. WE'LL TRY TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE! GOOD LUCK!

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, JOE AND CLAY CRAWL BEHIND THE MACHINE-GUN NEST TO FIND...



JOE, LOOK! THERE ARE **TWO MORE GUNS!** MULVANEY DOESN'T KNOW!

YEAH! THIS CHANGES THINGS! WE GOTTA GET ALL OF THEM BEFORE MULVANEY POPS UP!

ARMED WITH HAND GRENADES, THE TWO GI'S CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE NESTS, AND...

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! THEY'LL BE SPRAYING US WITH LEAD AS SOON AS THE GRENADES GO OFF! **HERE GOES!**



**GET DOWN, CLAY!
GET DOWN!**

BOOM!



THERE IT IS, HOOSIER!
LET'S GO!

WITH YA,
SARGE!



GOOD JOB, NOW LET'S
GET OUTTA— **HEY!**
WHAT HAPPENED TO
CLAY?

RED GOT 'IM, SARGE!
C'MON, WE GOTTA LUG
HIM BACK! HE'S
HURT BAD!



SOME DAYS LATER IN A FIELD HOSPITAL...

HIYA, CLAY--IT'S ME, JOE! THOUGHT YA'D BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING WE TRAPPED THOSE REDS AND WIPED THEM OUT! AND SAY, I GOT A LETTER FOR YA! IT'S FROM YER GAL— I CAN TELL BY THE WRITIN'!

READ IT
FOR ME,
JOE!



OKAY, CLAY, HERE
GOES... ER...

*Dear Clay,
I don't know how to start, but I'll be direct. I'm calling off our engagement! I just can't wait any longer for you to come home! I have my own life to lead. That's why I'm marrying Ben Stone....*



GO ON, JOE, READ IT! DON'T BE BASHFUL! ELLIE AND I GOT NOTHIN' T'HIDE. AN' BESIDES, I GOT NO CHOICE!.. G'WAN, READ IT!

OH, ER... UH... YEAH... "MY DEAREST CLAY, WORDS CAN NEVER TELL HOW MUCH I MISS, AND - ER - LOVE YOU! I DREAM AND HOPE FOR YOU TO COME HOME TO ME..."



...AND - ER - THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, MY - ER - DARLING DEAREST SWEETHEART. WITH ALL MY LOVE FOREVER, AND - ER - EVER, ELLIE! WELL, CLAY, THAT'S IT!

BOY! WHAT A GAL! DO ME A FAVOR, JOE! WILL YOU ANSWER IT FOR ME? I'LL DICTATE!



ELLIE, DEAREST, I GOT YOUR LETTER AND I THOUGHT IT WAS WONDERFUL...

THE POOR GUY! IF HE EVER FINDS OUT IT'LL KILL HIM!

WEEKS PASS, AND CLAY IS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL. BUT HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HASN'T HEARD FROM ELLIE...

YOU SAP, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM FROM THE START? THE POOR GUY'S WORRIED SICK! **WE** KNOW HE'LL NEVER HEAR FROM THAT DAME AGAIN!

I COULDN'T TELL HIM, SARGE! IT WOULD'VE KILLED HIM... **SHHHH!** HERE HE COMES!



HI, GUYS! I-I DIDN'T HEAR FROM ELLIE YET! BEEN SIX WEEKS NOW! WONDER WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED?

G-GOSH, CLAY, DON'T FRET! YOU'LL PROBABLY GET A LETTER SOON!

THE KID SHOULD KNOW, AN' I'M GONNA TELL HIM **NOW!**

LOOK, KID - I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YA...



THE REDS! THE REDS ARE ATTACKING!

BOOM!

RATATATA



THOSE @*%*#!
CAUGHT US BY
SURPRISE!

YEAH, BUT
WE GOT
OUR PLANES
UP THERE
THIS TIME!

MULVANEY
STARTED TO
TELL ME
SOMETHIN'! I
GOTTA
FIND OUT
WHAT'S UP!

AND AFTER HOURS OF BLOODY COMBAT...



YIPPEEEEE!
WE GOT 'EM
ON THE
RUN!

LOOKIT THEM
GO!



WHEW! I'M PLUMB
TUCKERED OUT!
THEY MUSTA
TAKEN A LOT
OF CASUALTIES!

YEAH,
THAT'S
THE WORST
PART OF IT!

HEY, SARGE, WHAT
WERE YOU
STARTIN'
T'TELL ME?



WELL, KID, I THOUGHT
YOU SHOULD
KNOW THAT...

HEY, THE **MAIL**
TRUCK!



BREWSTER, BROOKS,
CALDWELL...

HERE! HERE!
HERE I AM!



THIS - THIS
ISN'T FROM
ELLIE!



...and so, since we
were high school chums, I
thought it would be nice to write
you. I just got your address from
one of your friends. I know you are
very lonely and would like to
relieve mail. I enclosed a
snapshot of me taken this
summer. It's different from
the little girl with the braces
on her teeth, don't you
think so? And, Clay, do
you like it? Well, that's
all for now. I'll try to
write you again
tomorrow.
As ever,
Alice.

WEEKS PASS, AND CLAY CALDWELL HAS FOUND A NEW
INTEREST. SOMEONE BACK HOME THINKS ENOUGH
ABOUT HIM TO WRITE HIM EVERY DAY. THE PAIN IS
GONE AS HE WRITES ALICE ANOTHER LETTER...

"DEAREST ALICE, I HAD A GIRL BACK HOME, BUT I
HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER IN A LONG TIME. SO
I FIGURE SHE'S FORGOTTEN ME... WELL, THAT'S
LOVE AND WAR, I GUESS, BUT I'M THINKING. IT'S
FUNNY HOW YOU DON'T SEE THINGS RIGHT BEFORE
YOUR EYES. THERE YOU WERE IN SCHOOL, AND I
MUST HAVE LOVED YOU THEN,
BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT OR
MAYBE I WAS TOO YOUNG.
I KNOW IT NOW, DARLING..."

CLAY'S
LIKE A NEW
MAN, SARGE!

YEAH, AN'
AM I GLAD
YUH NEVER
TOLD HIM
ABOUT THE "DEAR
JOHN" LETTER
FROM THE
OTHER
GAL!



AND SOME DAYS LATER...

OKAY, GUYS, THE
HONEYMOON'S OVER!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
FALL IN!

HEY, BEN, WILL YA
MAIL THIS FOR
ME WHILE WE'RE
GONE? IT'S TO
ALICE, MY GIRL!



SAY, GUYS, I GOT A PROBLEM! MAYBE YOU CAN
HELP ME! Y'SEE, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL
ABOUT ALICE! I KNOW SHE'S FOR **ME!** NOW I
WANNA WRITE ELLIE. AN' CALL IT ALL OFF! I
DON'T THINK SHE CARES ANYMORE. DO YA
THINK THAT'S THE RIGHT THING
TO DO?



IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO
DO, CLAY--**IT SURE IS!**



THE END

G.I. Joe Meets Lilith the TIGRESS!



GENTLEMEN — MILITARY INFORMATION IS REACHING THE ENEMY! OUR RECENT REVERSES BEAR THIS OUT! OUR BATTLE PLANS WERE AIRTIGHT! THE REDS COULDN'T POSSIBLY BEAT US TO THE PUNCH UNLESS THERE WAS A LEAK!

BUT FROM WHAT SOURCE, SIR?

WARS ARE FOUGHT WITH BRAINS AS WELL AS ARMAMENTS! BATTLES ARE PLANNED AT HQ., AND THE HARD-FIGHTING SOLDIER, A SINGLE COG IN THE HUGE MILITARY MACHINE, WINS THE VICTORY UP FRONT. THE STRATEGY IS SIMPLE. KEEP THE ENEMY GUESSING! BUT WHEN YOUR FOE *KNOWS* YOUR NEXT MOVE, THE RESULTS CAN BE DISASTROUS. OUR SCENE IS THE BATTERED DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS NOT FAR FROM THE BLAZING KOREAN FRONT. COLONEL MACREADY MEETS WITH HIS FIELD OFFICERS...

I WISH I KNEW, MAJOR! BUT WE CAN'T LET OUR MEN DOWN! LET'S KEEP ALERTED! REPORT ANYTHING THAT LOOKS IRREGULAR! THAT'S ALL FOR NOW!



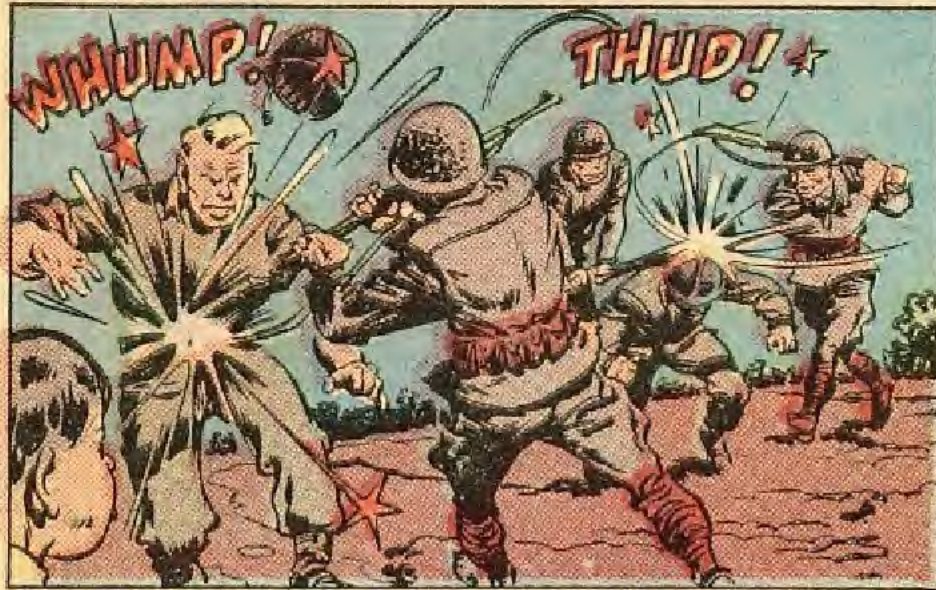
AND AT THIS SAME MOMENT, G.I. JOE BURCH AND SGT. MULVANEY PROBE THE FRONT LINE ON PATROL DETAIL...

LOOK, JOE! THAT COMMIE PLANE IS DROPPIN' A MESS O' LEAFLETS!

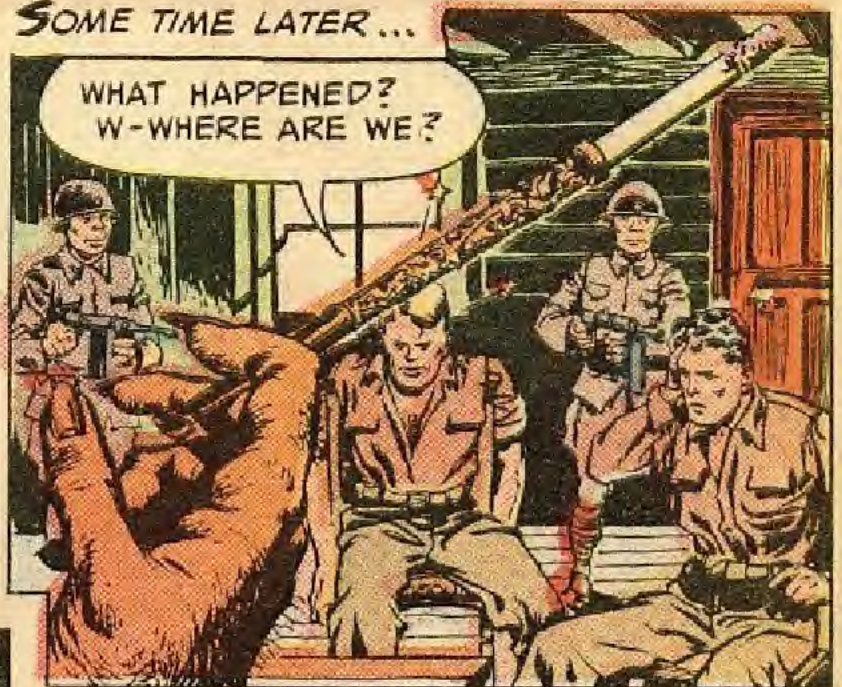


MAYBE THEY'RE FREE PASSES TO THE CIRCUS! THAT'S THE WAY THEY USED TO GIVE 'EM OUT IN MY HOME TOWN!





SOME TIME LATER...





I'M THROUGH TAKIN' ORDERS FROM YOU!



I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO DO THAT FOR A LONG TIME!

YOU REAL SMART G.I.! YOU COME WITH ME FOR BIG SURPRISE! YOU LIKE IT EVEN BETTER THAN HAMBURGER AND ICE CREAM!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T G.I. JOE, THE MOSTEST HANDSOME JOE IN THE ARMY!

LILITH, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?



SO NICE YOU AND THE TIGRESS ARE FRIENDS. YOU WILL TELL HER ALL INFORMATION SHE ASKS. I GO NOW, BUT I LEAVE GUARD OUTSIDE DOOR!



WHEN THE COLONEL LEAVES...

WHY SO UNHAPPY, JOE BOY? BE LIKE LILITH AND LIVE FOR TODAY-- TOMORROW MAY NEVER COME!

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ON THIS SIDE OF THE FENCE!



WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? MY COUNTRY IS RUINED AND I MUST THINK OF MYSELF. BESIDES, YOU'VE SOLD OUT YOUR COUNTRY, TOO! NOW, YOU'D BETTER START TALKING! THE COLONEL IS A VERY IMPATIENT MAN!

SURE! WHAT D'YA WANT TO KNOW?



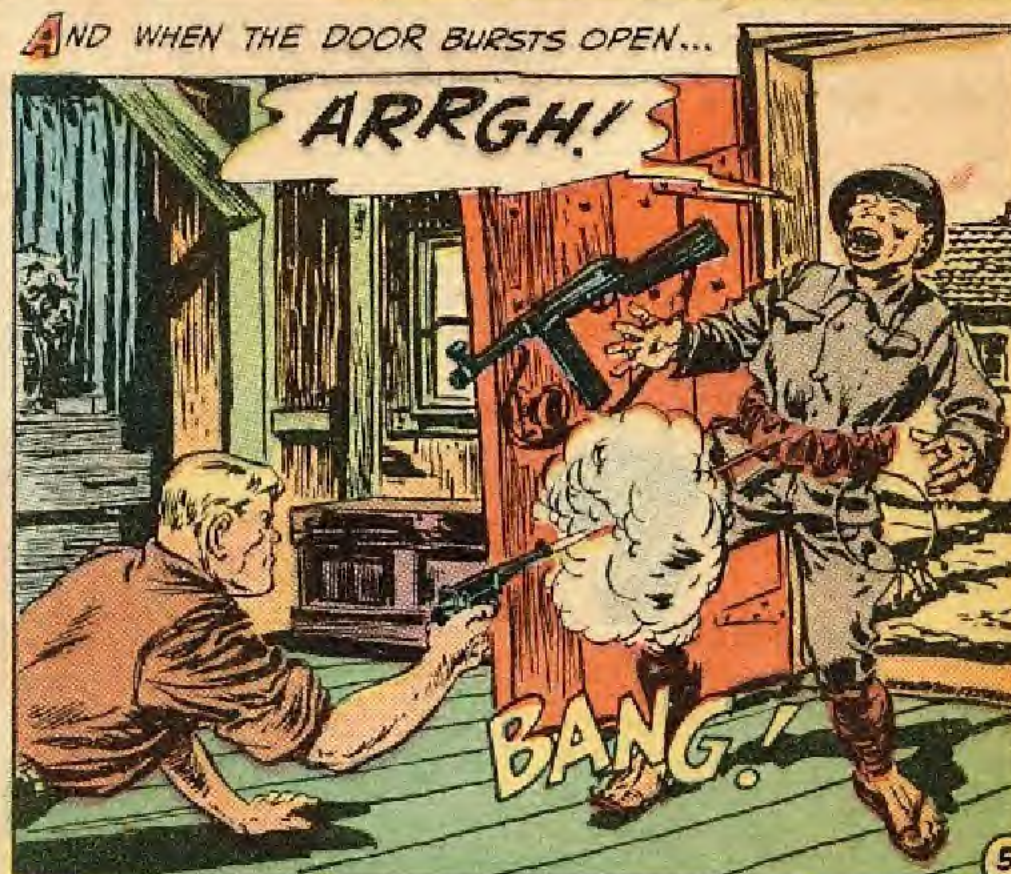
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

THAT DOES IT! YOU HAVE OUR GUN EMPLACEMENTS, DIVISIONAL STRENGTH, MORTAR POSITIONS-- THE WHOLE WORKS!

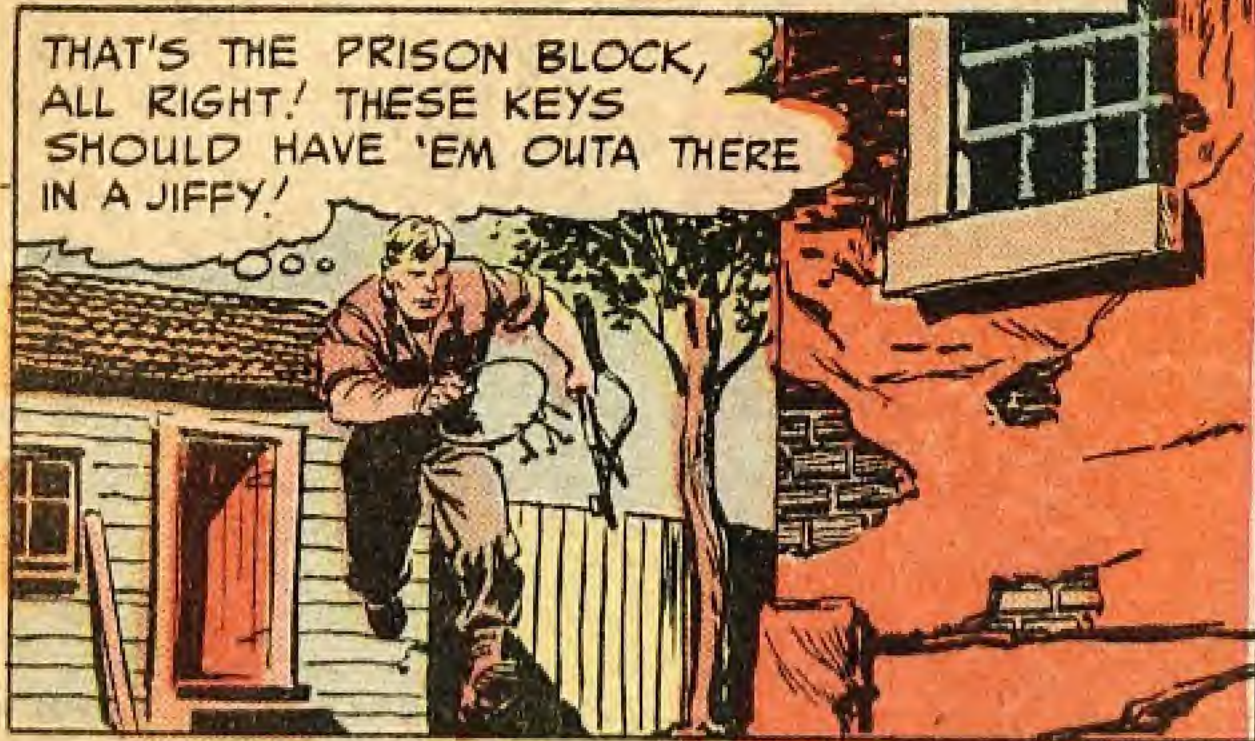
SO FAR, SO GOOD! THE COLONEL WILL HAVE THIS INFORMATION CHECKED AT ONCE! IF YOU HAVE LIED-- YOU, YOUR FRIEND AND THE LITTLE BOY WILL DIE!



TWO HOURS LATER, LILITH ANXIOUSLY SCANS THE ROAD FOR THE RETURNING PATROL...



TAKING A KEY RING FROM THE DEAD GUARD, JOE SLIPS OUT OF THE BUILDING...



IT'S MY BOY, JOE! I KNEW HE'D COME THROUGH!

WAIT! BEHIND YA, FELLA! LOOK OUT!

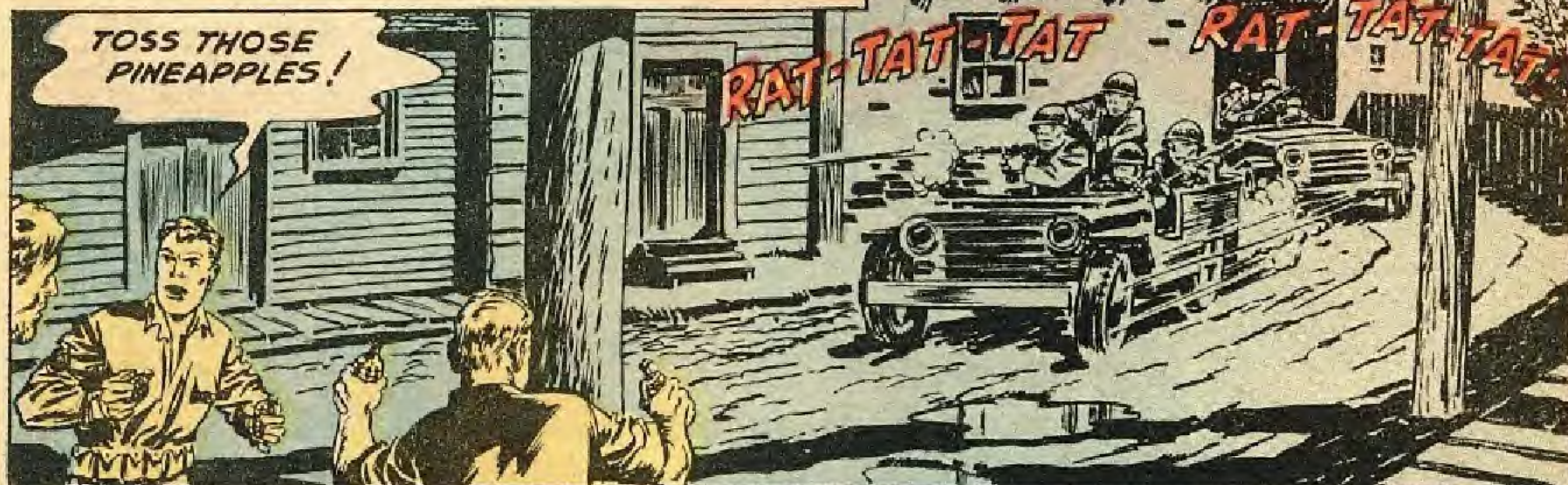


THE GUARDS KILLED, JOE QUICKLY RELEASES THE PRISONERS, AND AFTER SOME FAST EXPLAINING...

THE SOUND OF PITIFUL SOBS SOON LEADS THEM TO THE LITTLE CAPTIVE...



BUT AS THEY LEAVE THE SHACK, THE RETURNING RED PATROL THUNDERS THEIR WAY...



BEFORE THE FINAL REVERBERATIONS DIE AWAY, THE FORTUNATE G.I.'S SPOT TWO ABANDONED RED JEEPS. SOON THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY...



BUT WHEN THE JEEP NEARS THE U.N. LINES...



LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, IN THE PEACEFUL ATMOSPHERE OF "BAKER" COMPANY...



BUDDIES

in Grumpy's Sweetheart

FIRST SERGEANTS AREN'T EASY TO GET ALONG WITH. BUT SERGEANT GRUMPY GROGAN, THE GROUCH OF COMPANY "B," IS THE MOST UNPOPULAR MAN IN KOREA - NOT COUNTING THE ENEMY, OF COURSE! RIGHT NOW WE ARE SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH KOREA. BAKER COMPANY FIGHTS TO WIPE OUT A RED MACHINE GUN NEST...





LOOTENANT, THERE'S STILL SOMETHING MOVING ON TOP THERE!

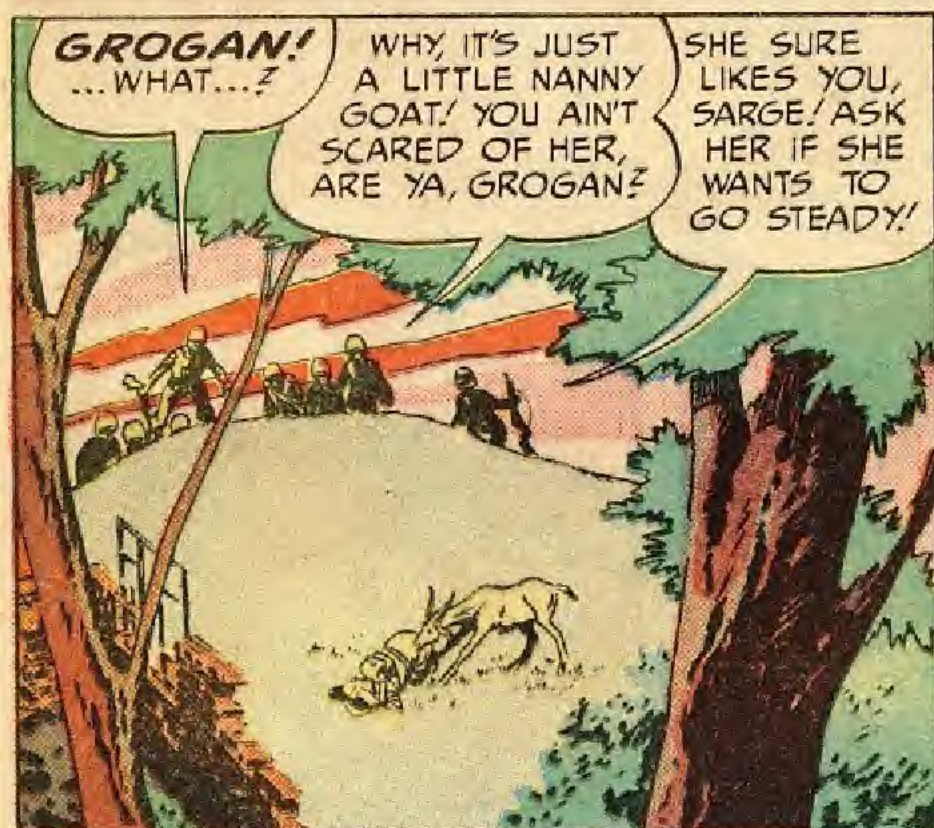
I'LL GET IT, SIR-- THIS RED'S ON ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...



HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

THAT'S GROGAN! LET'S GO, MEN!



GROGAN! ...WHAT...?

WHY, IT'S JUST A LITTLE NANNY GOAT! YOU AIN'T SCARED OF HER, ARE YA, GROGAN?

SHE SURE LIKES YOU, SARGE! ASK HER IF SHE WANTS TO GO STEADY!

THUS COMPANY "B" OBTAINS A NEW MASCOT, AND THE LONELIEST SOLDIER IN THE OUTFIT HAS SOMETHING TO CARE FOR. ONLY SERGEANT GROGAN IS UNHAPPY!

EASY THERE, GIRL! YOU'RE A MEMBER OF COMPANY "B" NOW! YOU GOTTA LOOK YOUR BEST AT ALL TIMES!

YOU GUYS ACT LIKE A BUNCH OF OLD MAID AUNTS! JUST WAIT'LL I FIND SOMETHING IN REGULATIONS PERTAININ' TO GOATS!



YOU DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, HONEY! THAT GUY'D FIND SOMETHING TUH GRIPE ABOUT IF THE REDS SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY TOMORROW! HEY-- WHERE YUH GOING?



NAAAAA! HEY! SOMEBODY GET THIS MONSTER OFF A ME!

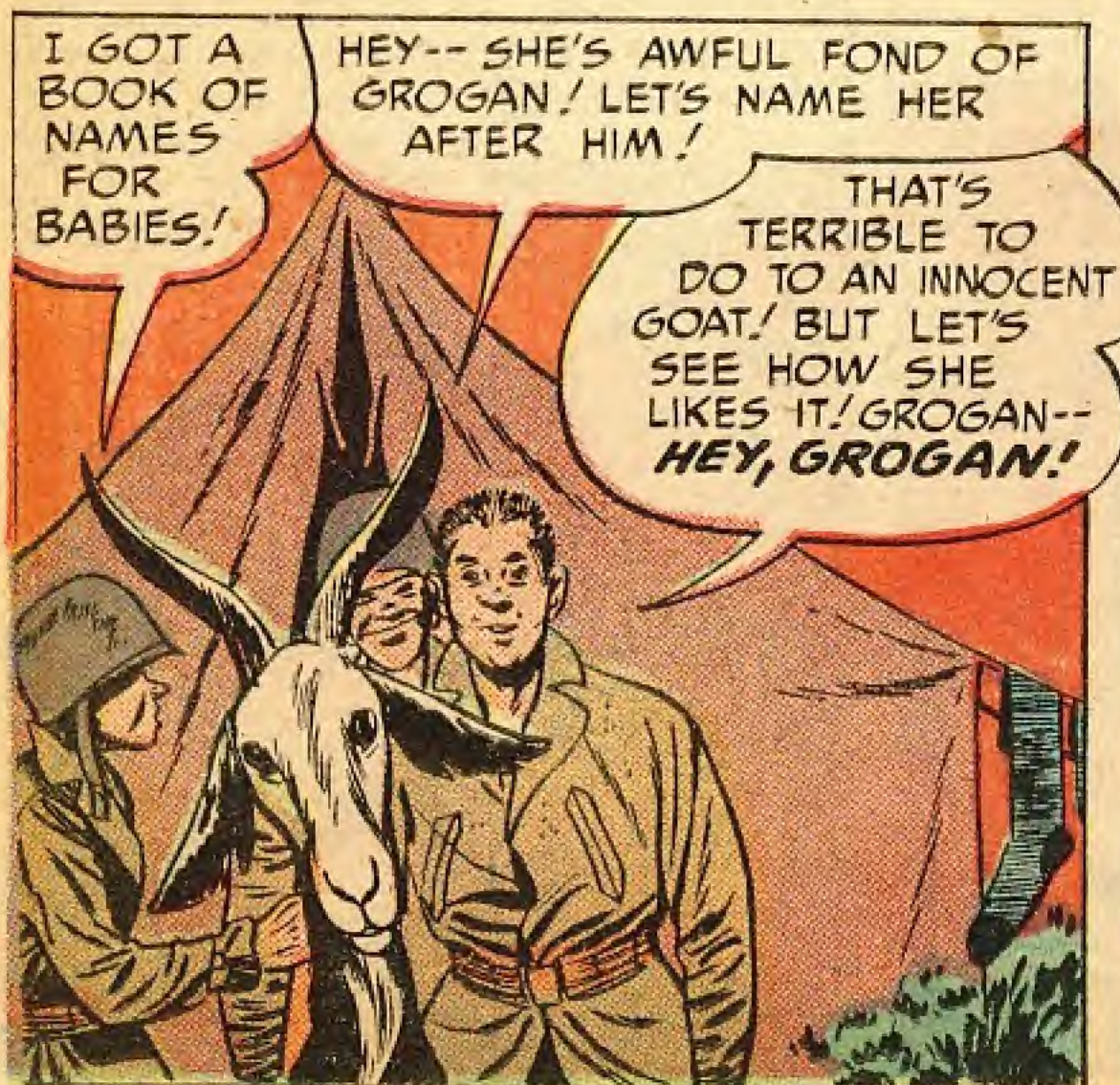


C'MON, HONEY-- YOU GOT A WHOLE COMPANY TO CHOOSE FROM! YOU GOTTA BE MORE DISCRIMINATIN' IN YOUR SELECTION OF FRIENDS!

I'M GONNA GET THAT GOAT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



BUT OPPORTUNITIES TO DO AWAY WITH A GOAT ARE RARE! IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, ENEMY RESISTANCE IS NIL, AND THE NEW MASCOT CONTINUES TO OCCUPY THE CENTER OF ATTENTION OF COMPANY "B"!



HEY, SARGE--WHY DON'T YOU STICK AROUND AWHILE AND HAVE SOME MILK? NICE, DELICIOUS, FOAMY GOAT'S MILK!

YOU GUY'S ARE TURNIN' MY STOMACH! AIN'T YOU NEVER HEARD? MILK'S FOR BABIES!



THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A MAN NEEDS TO BE ALONE, AND THIS IS THE TIME FOR SERGEANT GROGAN! DISGUSTEDLY, HE WANDERS OFF BY HIMSELF! HALF AN HOUR LATER...



A FINE MAN'S ARMY THIS TURNED OUT TO BE! I WONDER HOW GOAT STEAKS WOULD TASTE... HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

IT CAME FROM RIGHT OVER THERE! I HOPE IT'S A WHOLE COMPANY OF REDS... I'LL TAKE 'EM ALL ON!



YOU AGAIN? WHY, I GOT A GOOD NOTION TO PLUG YOU ANYWAY! OH, WHAT'S THE USE? GO ON GET OUTA HERE! AIN'T YOU RUIN'T MY LIFE ENOUGH?



BUT A LOVE-SICK GOAT DOESN'T DISCOURAGE EASILY, AND AS THE SERGEANT CONTINUES ON...

A VILLAGE--HEY! THE LIEUTENANT'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT THIS! IT'S A LOT BETTER'N THAT MUD-HOLE WE'RE IN NOW! NOBODY AROUND EITHER...



BUT SERGEANT GROGAN IS WRONG! UNSEEN EYES FOLLOW HIS EVERY MOVE...

I'LL JUST MOSEY AROUND AND GIVE THE LIEUTENANT A FULL REPORT!



NOW THIS LOOKS LIKE A COMFORTABLE LITTLE HOUSE! YAH-- I THINK I COULD BE VERY HAPPY HERE, ESPECIALLY IF THERE'S NO GOATS AROUND!



SUDDENLY...



AHHHH!

YEOW!
WHAT'S
THAT?



A SNIPER! WHY, HE COULDA
KILLED ME! OKAY, YOU, LIE
DOWN! IF YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND ENGLISH,
THIS RIFLE TALKS
INTERNATIONAL!



C'MERE, YOU SWEET LITTLE GOAT!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE--AN' AFTER
EVERYTHING I DID TO YOU...
I DON'T DESERVE IT!



I AIN'T NEVER GONNA FORGET THIS,
GROGAN! FROM NOW ON, THINGS ARE
GONNA BE DIFFERENT BETWEEN YOU
AND ME! WE'RE GONNA BE PALS!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AN EXCITED SENTRY
REPORTS TO LIEUTENANT PARKER...



SOMETHING HEADIN'
TOWARD US, SIR! I
COULDN'T QUITE
MAKE OUT WHAT
IT IS!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH
YOU, O'CONNELL! YOU'D
BETTER ALERT THE
MEN FOR TROUBLE!

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, COMPANY "B" IS READY
FOR ACTION...



CAN YOU SEE
WHAT IT IS,
BRANDON?

NOT EXACTLY, SIR, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE... WELL, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW?

ATTA GIRL, SWEETHEART-- BUTT
HIM A LITTLE HARDER! YOU KNOW--
I'M GONNA NOMINATE YOU AS OUR
NEW SECRET WEAPON! I ALWAYS
SAID GOATS WAS THE GREATEST
ANIMALS EVER INVENTED!



The End

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THE GENERAL WHO LED THE WAY

IT WAS a typical London night—drizzling and foggy. Outside Headquarters building, two wet, tired sentries ducked into the guardhouse momentarily to warm their hands at the pot-bellied stove.

"The brass sure picked a heck of a night to hold a conference."

"Yeah, I'll bet there's more brass in there tonight than there is in all the cuspidors in Brighton. Must be something big popping!"

Little did the two sentries know how big the conference was. The entire future of the Second World War hinged on the success of the evening's proposed scheme. Around the big conference table were seated all the Supreme Allied Commanders and their aides. They were all agreed on the next big move in the war to smash Hitler's hold on Europe and the free world: **THE INVASION OF AFRICA!**

Here was an amphibious operation that would startle the world in its scope. And because of its nature it was a job that called for the utmost cooperation between the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

After much deliberation the coast of French North Africa was chosen as the point of invasion. Here the Allies hoped to receive aid from partisan Frenchmen who had not sold out to Vichy. But in order to receive this aid it was vital to contact the Free French at the very highest level. A liaison team must enter enemy territory, meet the French officials, discuss pertinent details, set a "D-day" and leave without the Vichy government being aware of the scheme. At its very best, this was a highly-dangerous mission. One which called for volunteers.

A tall, angular West Pointer of forty-six stepped forward. On his shoulders gleamed the two stars of a major-general. General Mark Clark, who, at twenty-one, had led troops into combat in France in World War I, was ready to lead the group. In a matter of hours the rest of the team was selected: General Lemnitzer, Colonels Hamblen and Holmes and Navy Captain Wright.

A few nights later after a short but thorough briefing, the quintet, dressed in civilian clothes, left London in a curtained auto. Then, a rapid transfer to a blacked-out train: destination Scotland.

Arriving at a secret Scottish airfield, they boarded a plane.

When they landed at an undisclosed base, a voice called out:

"All right, gentlemen, step lively! We've got to catch a boat in five minutes!"

"Whew," panted one of the party, "I'm glad this is the last change. I'm worn out!"

General Clark smiled. "Don't look now, but we transfer to a submarine before we get to North Africa."

Twenty-four hours later as Clark and his damp, tired and unshaven party boarded the submarine, they were greeted by the remaining members of their team: three young Commando officers, skilled at raiding enemy shores.

"... that's correct, General Clark. We are to meet the French officials in the isolated farmhouse indicated here on the map. The signal is pre-arranged. The windows facing the shore will be dark and an hour after we land they will be lighted. Unless this light flashes it will not be safe to proceed."

Hours later as the submarine lay on the surface three rubber life-boats were put overside and Clark and his raiders climbed aboard. Clutched in his left hand was a little black bag. One of the Commando officers reached forward to assist Clark into the raft, and held the bag.

"Careful there, young fellow," Clark said, "don't drop it! The success of our mission may depend on that bag."

The men rowed swiftly and quietly toward shore. A short while later, landing with his team, General Clark became the first such high-ranking officer to invade enemy soil since the start of the war. The boats were quickly beached and cached.

Stealthily the team followed the Commandos to the isolated farmhouse which stood not far inland.

About one hundred yards from the house the men dropped to their knees in a thick clump of bushes.

"All right—now we wait for the signal. The house is still dark."

An hour passed. Another and yet another. Night faded into a grey dawn and still no signal. Was the mission, so carefully planned, doomed to an early failure?

The sun rose over the horizon.

"What do we do now, General Clark?"

"Well, we've come this far—anything could have gone wrong. I say we sweat it out another day. Let's see what nightfall brings."

The hours passed slowly. None of the men dared show themselves for fear of revealing the well-laid scheme. They talked in whispers. Breakfast, lunch and supper consisted of K-Rations. Sustaining, but hardly the food staff officers usually eat. At last it was night; the moon shone brightly.

Would the signal come tonight? Again they waited and then, "Look—there it is—the light in the windows!"

Quickly, ducking in single-file, the men entered the farmhouse. There, to their amazement they found the entire staff of Free French Officers attired in full military dress for the occasion. The farmer had sent his wife on vacation and given his servants the week off.

The conference started immediately. All through the night and morning General Clark and his men determined which Frenchmen would be friendly to the invading forces; which officials could be trusted. He arranged for the deliverance of strategic Algerian airports into his hands when the invasion began. All manner of military data vital to a successful invasion was garnered as the conference continued throughout the next day.

Then suddenly: RING! RING!

"Pardon, messieurs, the telephone! It is to ring only in case of danger. The Vichy police have learned something is afoot. Quickly, disperse! The Americans may hide in the wine cellar. This way—quickly!"

They had to work fast—and quietly. Dignified French soldiers tipped off their uniforms, and threw on their mufti. They jumped out windows, through the back door; they ran down the road, into haystacks, into the woods. American soldiers rushed down a stairway into the wine cellar. And not a moment too soon.

As the American contingent grouped about the trap door they could hear the Vichy cars grinding to a halt, and the officers tramping into the house.

"Draw your arms," General Clark whispered. He grabbed up a carbine in one hand and waved the little black bag in the other. "If they come I'll try to use this bag first, if it doesn't work, then you know what to do!"

"What's in that bag, sir?"

"Gold, twenty-thousand dollars in gold. Maybe we can bribe them. . . ."

The decision, however, was not left to General Clark. The farmer was a deft talker, and convinced the Vichy officials they were mistaken. No sooner had the Vichy squad cars roared off down the road than General Clark and his men headed for the beach. They covered the distance in record time. Once at the beach the Commando officers let out a yell, "Darn it—look at that surf. It's running too heavy to launch these rubber boats—we're stuck."

"Well, I'm game, men," General Clark said. "Follow me. Commando Livingstone and I will chance the first boat. You men follow."

Clark and Livingstone leaped into the first rubber boat and pushed off into the surf, but the boat capsized. Struggling back to shore, they again made a try. The others followed suit. By stripping the boats down, making them lighter, they finally got them under way. As the boats made toward the submarine rendezvous the men looked back toward the farmhouse which now was being flooded by spotlights from the Vichy squad cars which were roaring back down the road.

"Hah, made it in time, General. At least those Vichys won't get the gold."

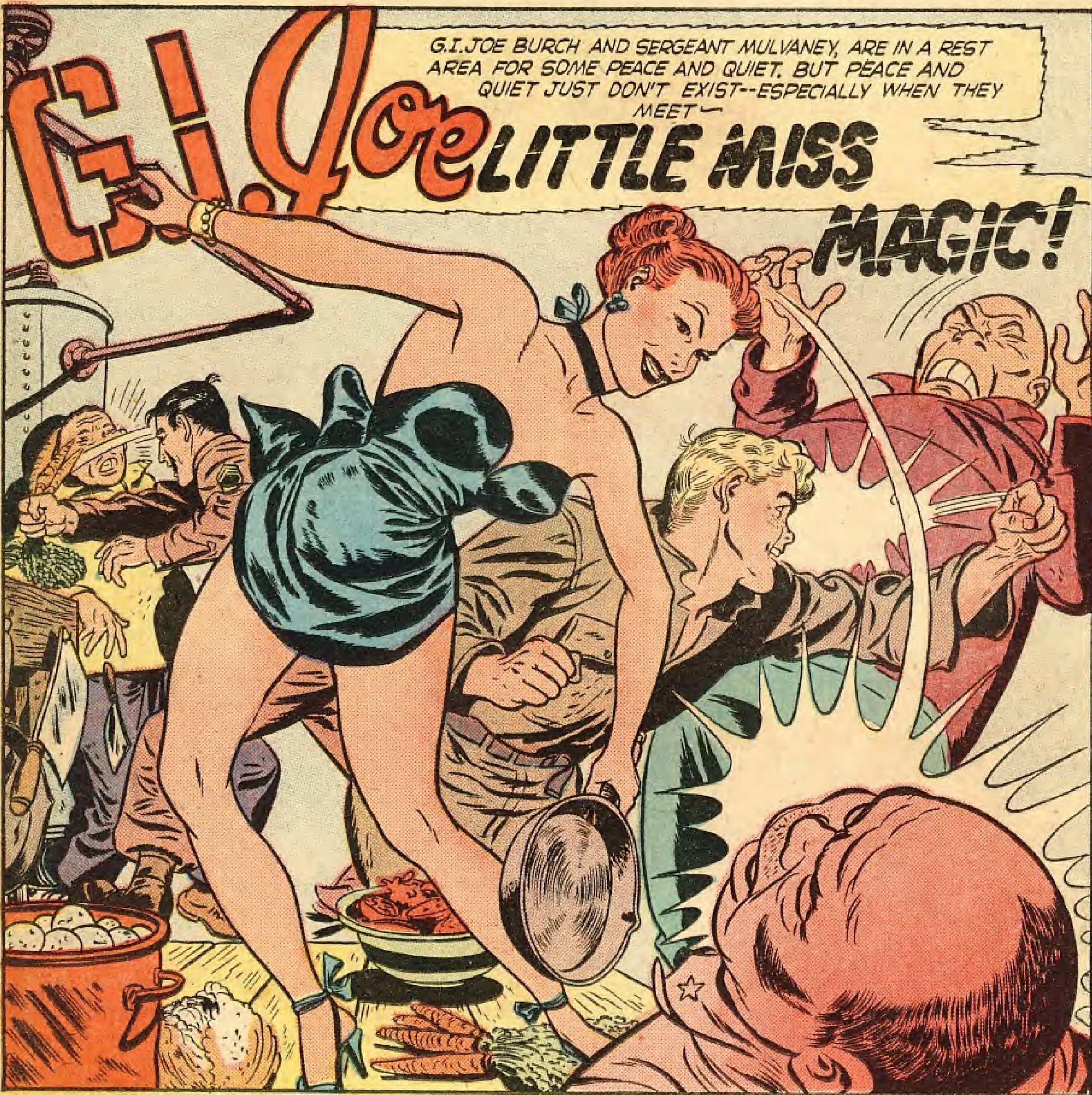
"No, they won't get it. But the sea did. I lost the bag of gold when we capsized the first time. But I'm sure the cost of this operation when balanced against the lives we hope to save will certainly be worth more than a million bags of gold."

Three weeks later, when American forces invaded and successfully took North Africa with little resistance, the world was amazed at the operation. How could such an enormous amphibious invasion have been accomplished with such little loss of life?

A few months later the world was informed of the courageous pre-invasion sortie of General Clark and his Commandos who made this accomplishment possible. And for his part in this thrilling adventure America rewarded one of her heroes by presenting him with another star to make Mark Wayne Clark the youngest Lieutenant General in the United States Army.

THE END

G.I. JOE BURCH AND SERGEANT MULVANEY, ARE IN A REST AREA FOR SOME PEACE AND QUIET. BUT PEACE AND QUIET JUST DON'T EXIST--ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY MEET—

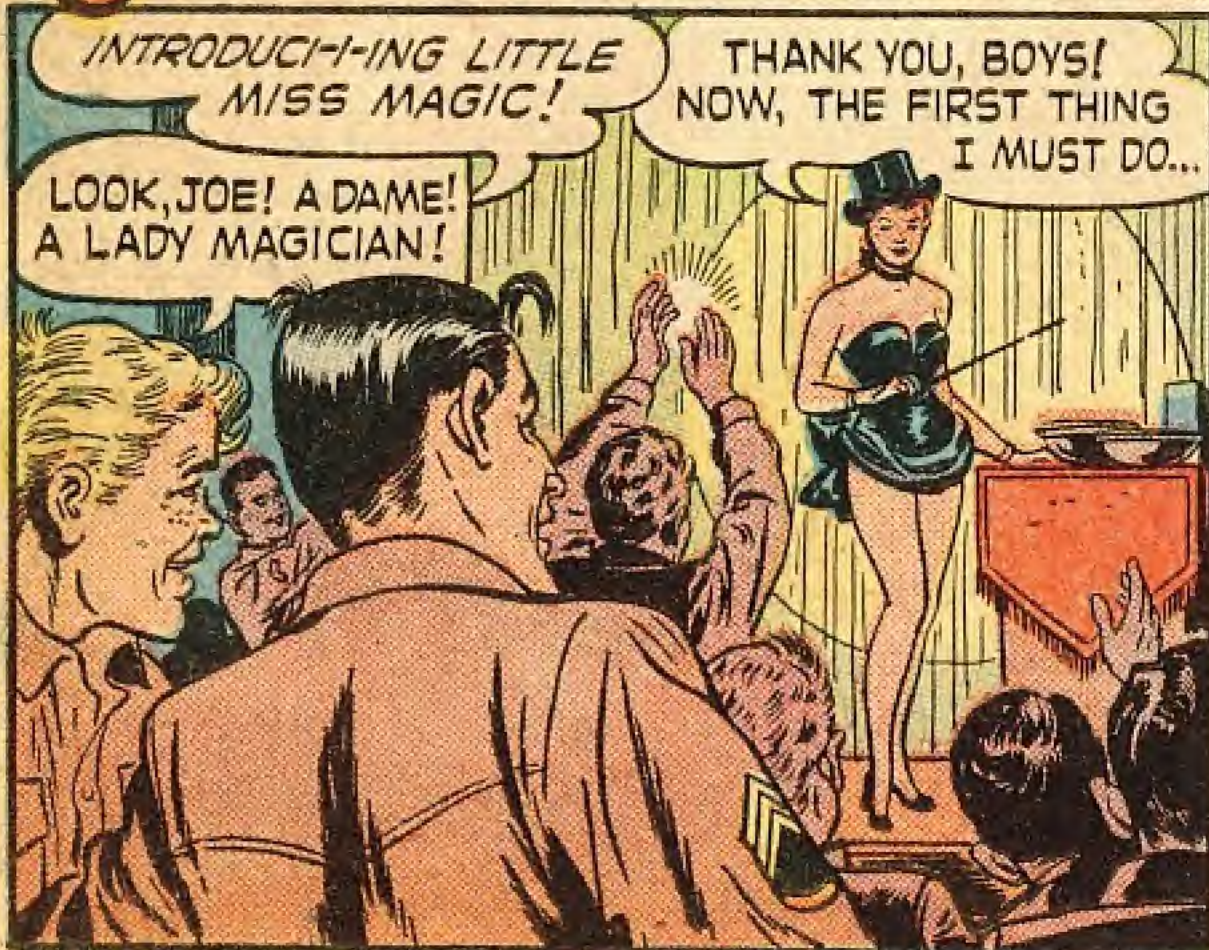


ONE NIGHT, WHILE A U.S.O. SHOW IS IN PROGRESS...

INTRODUCI-I-ING LITTLE MISS MAGIC!

THANK YOU, BOYS! NOW, THE FIRST THING I MUST DO...

LOOK, JOE! A DAME! A LADY MAGICIAN!



...IS ASK FOR A COUPLE OF VOLUNTEERS TO COME UP HERE AND HELP ME!

THAT'S FOR ME! SO LONG, SARGE!

SO LONG, NOTHIN'! THAT'S MY JOB!





PRETTY GIRL,
COLONEL!

HMMM! WOULDN'T
MIND GETTING UP
THERE, MYSELF!

OUTA MY
WAY, MAC!



COLONEL! WATCH OUT!

LLFFFFF!



I'VE GOT YOU,
CO---

I'M ALL RI---
EEYVOOWW!
MY FOOT!



I GOT HERE FIRST!
SCRAM, MEATHEAD!

WHY,
YOU---

NOW, NOW, BOYS!
I CAN USE YOU
BOTH IN MY MAGIC
BISCUIT TRICK! ONE OF
YOU CAN HOLD THIS PAN
OF FLOUR, AND THE
OTHER, THIS
PAN OF---



-OF WATER!
OOOO! WATCH
OUUU---

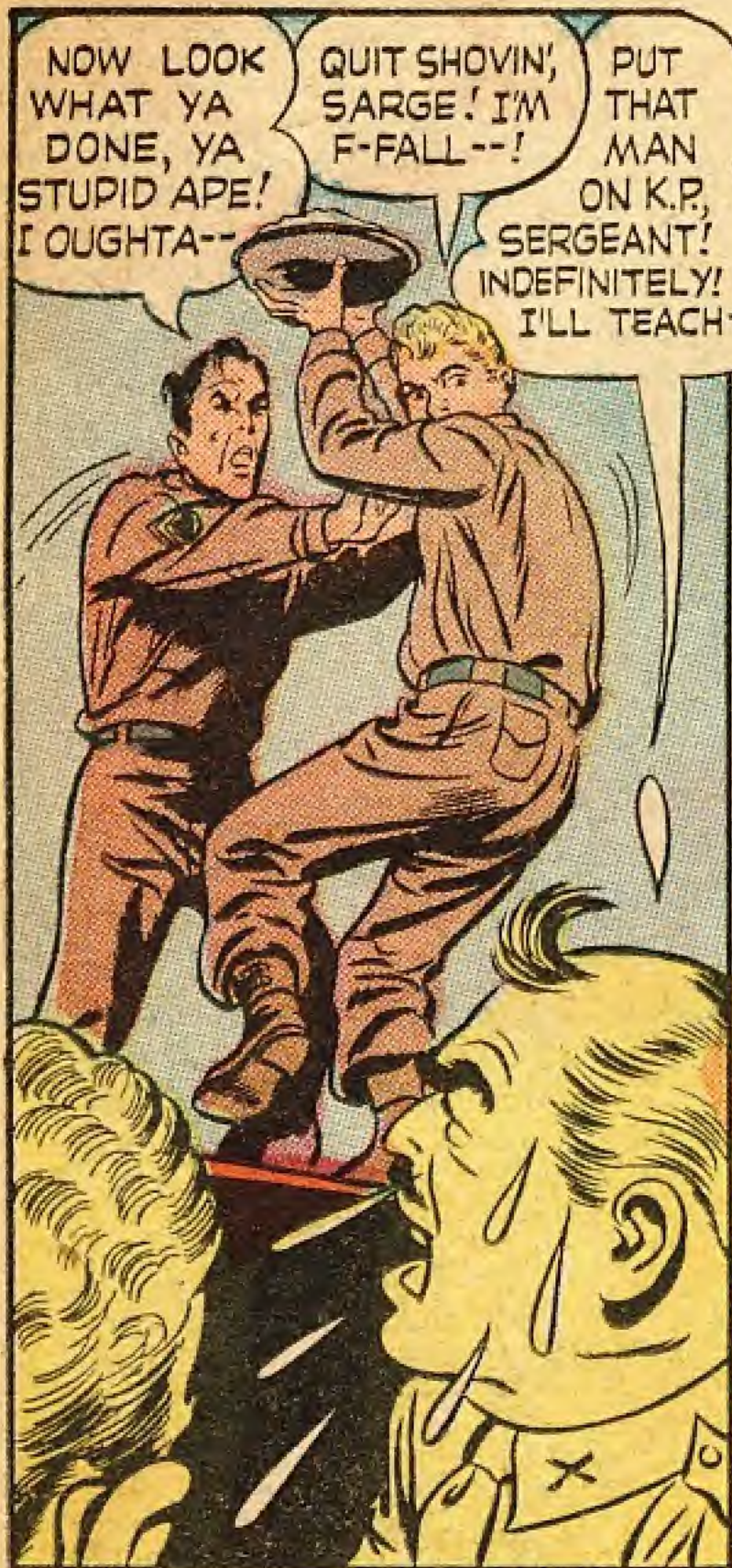
BEAT IT, YA CROOK!
I'LL TAKE BOTH PANS!
OOPS!



FLOOFFF!

OH, MY BUSTED
BACK! THE
COLONEL!

THE WHO!?



NOW LOOK
WHAT YA
DONE, YA
STUPID APE!
I OUGHTA--

QUIT SHOVIN',
SARGE! I'M
F-FALL--!

PUT
THAT
MAN
ON K.P.,
SERGEANT!
INDEFINITELY!
I'LL TEACH--



OH-NOOO-
OOOO



PUT HIM ON K.P.
FOREVER! MAKE HIM
PEEL EVERY POTATO
IN THE **WORLD!**
AND YOU, MULVANEY--
YOU GO ALONG TO
SEE THAT HE DOES
IT!

YES, SIR!
RIGHT AWAY,
SIR,
COLONEL,
SIR!
YES, **SIR!**

AND SO, HOURS LATER...



I STILL SAY IF **YOU**
HADN'T SPILLED THE
WATER ON 'IM--AWW,
WHAT'S THE USE?
IT AIN'T US, SARGE,
IT'S THIS CRUMMY
REST CAMP WE'RE
IN!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
JOE! LOOKIT--
A REST CAMP,
THEY CALL IT!
THEY HIRE A BIG
LUG LIKE THIS
KOREAN GUY TO
WORK IN THE
KITCHEN WITH THREE
HELPERS, SO WE
CAN REST...



...BUT WHO PEELS
THE POTATOES?
YOU DO! AND I
HAVE TO SIT
AROUND AND
CHAPERONE YOU.
SOME **REST CAMP!**

THEY CAN'T
DO THIS TO
US! WE'RE
**THE TWO
BEST GUYS
THEY GOT**
IN THE
WHOLE
ARMY!



MORE
POTATOES--
YESS,
PLEASE?

THAT DOES IT!
I'M GONNA ASK FOR
A TRANSFER OUTA
THIS "CHICKEN" OUTFIT!

YOU AN' ME
BOTH, KID! IN
FACT, I'M GONNA
DEMAND ONE! I
GOT RIGHTS!

A MOMENT LATER...

TRANSFERS, EH? WHY, MULVANEY-- BURCH! HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME? WHY, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY PART WITH YOU! YOU TWO ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT MEN IN THE WHOLE ARMY!

WHY, SIR! WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU FELT THAT WAY TOO, SIR!

WHY, BOYS, I COULDN'T GIVE YOU UP FOR GENERAL RIDGWAY HIMSELF!

GEE, THANKS, COLONEL--

GO QUICK, BACK TO KITCHEN! ME HAVE BIG IDEA TO HELP THE CAUSE!

AND DO YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN YOU TWO MANIACS DO SOMETHING I CAN HAVE YOU SHOT FOR-- THAT'S WHY! NOW GET BACK TO THAT KITCHEN AND STAY THERE!

Y-Y-YESSIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



AND SO BACK TO THE KITCHEN--THEN...

OF ALL THE DIRTY, LOW-DOWN TRICKS---

HELLO, BOYS!

HUH? WELL, HELLOOO!

KITCHEN



I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M SORRY YOU GOT K.R! IT WAS REALLY MY FAULT, AND--

AW, FORGET IT, HONEY! COME ON IN AND TALK!

PUT UP THE HANDS, PLEASE! NOW!



HUH? SO, I CATCH YOU, YESS? THE TWO BEST SOLDIERS IN THE WHOLE AMERICAN ARMY!





THIS GUY'S NUTS!
WHAT ARE YOU
ANYWAY, BUSTER?!

ME OFFICER IN RED ARMY!
ME TAKE YOU TO MY GENERAL
--HE GLAD TO CATCH BEST
MEN OF ALL ENEMY!

YOU'RE BARKING UP
THE WRONG TREE,
PAL!



NO MISTAKE! ME
HEAR COLONEL OFFICER
SAY YOU TWO MOST
IMPORTANT MEN IN
WHOLE ARMY! HA, HA!
ME CATCH!

TAKE WOMAN
TOO, NO?!
LIKE
AMERICANS
SAY --NICE
TOMATO!

SPEAKING
OF TOMATOES,
FRIEND--WHY
ARE YOU
WEARING
ONE IN YOUR
EAR?



ME NOT
WEAR!
EEEEYAAHH!

SURE YOU
ARE ---
LOOK!

WHAT GIVES
HERE, ANYWAY?



AND YOU'RE
GROWING *CELERY*
IN YOUR *OTHER*
EAR!

I'LL TAKE THE
BIG ONE,
SARGE!



GOODNESS! WHAT'S
THIS? IT MUST BE
YOUR BIG BROTHER!

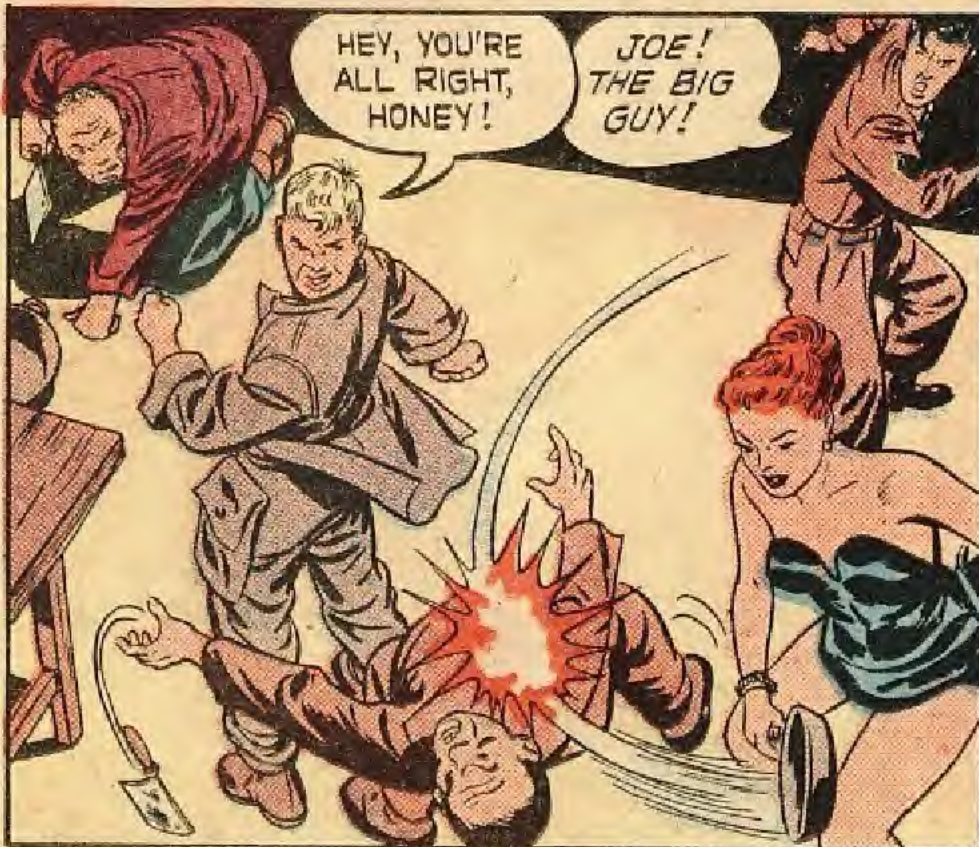
I KILL!

GET 'EM,
JOE!



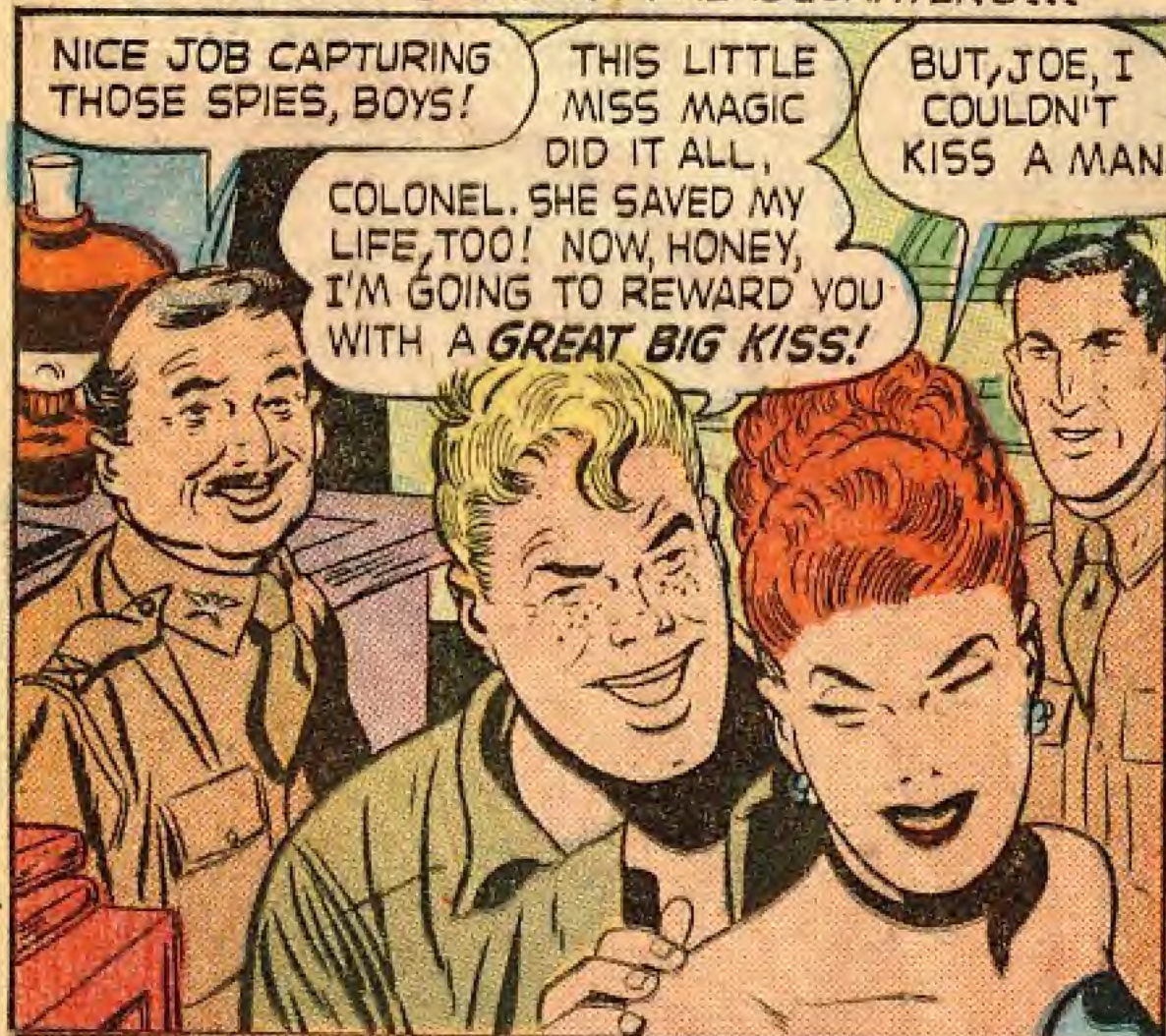
DROP IT, PAL ---
OR I'LL BREAK
YOUR ARM!

OWWW!





A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT HEADQUARTERS...



THE END

GI Joe

SAM HARRIS WAS A CORPORAL IN GI JOE BURCH'S OUTFIT. AT 39, SAM WAS THE OLDEST MAN IN THE FIRST PLATOON, "BAKER" COMPANY, AND THE FAVORITE TARGET OF TWO 18-YEAR-OLD PRIVATES, WALTER CRANDELL AND HARVEY MILTON. "ANCIENT SAM," AS THEY CALLED HARRIS, SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME. IN HIS ROCKING-CHAIR! OUR SCENE IS THE ROCKY KOREAN COUNTRY-SIDE. THE FIRST PLATOON IS RETURNING FROM A SCOUTING DETAIL, AND WALTER AND HARVEY CONTINUE TO JIBE AT...

"Ancient Sam"

YOU WANT ME TO CARRY YOUR PACK, GRANDPOP? HATE TO HAVE YOUR OLD BONES FALL APART!

YEAH, "ANCIENT SAM," WALT IS RIGHT! IF YA DON'T LET US CARRY YOUR PACK, WE'LL SOON HAVE TO CARRY YOU!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH SAM? IF I WAS HIM I'D PUT THOSE TWO KIDS IN THEIR PLACE!

SAM'S A GOOD SOLDIER, JOE! I KNOW HIM A LONG TIME! AND IT'S STUFF LIKE HIS THAT MAKES A GOOD SOLDIER!



WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME, GRANDPOP? THIS IS A YOUNG MAN'S WAR!

YOU CAN'T KEEP UP WITH GUYS LIKE US! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



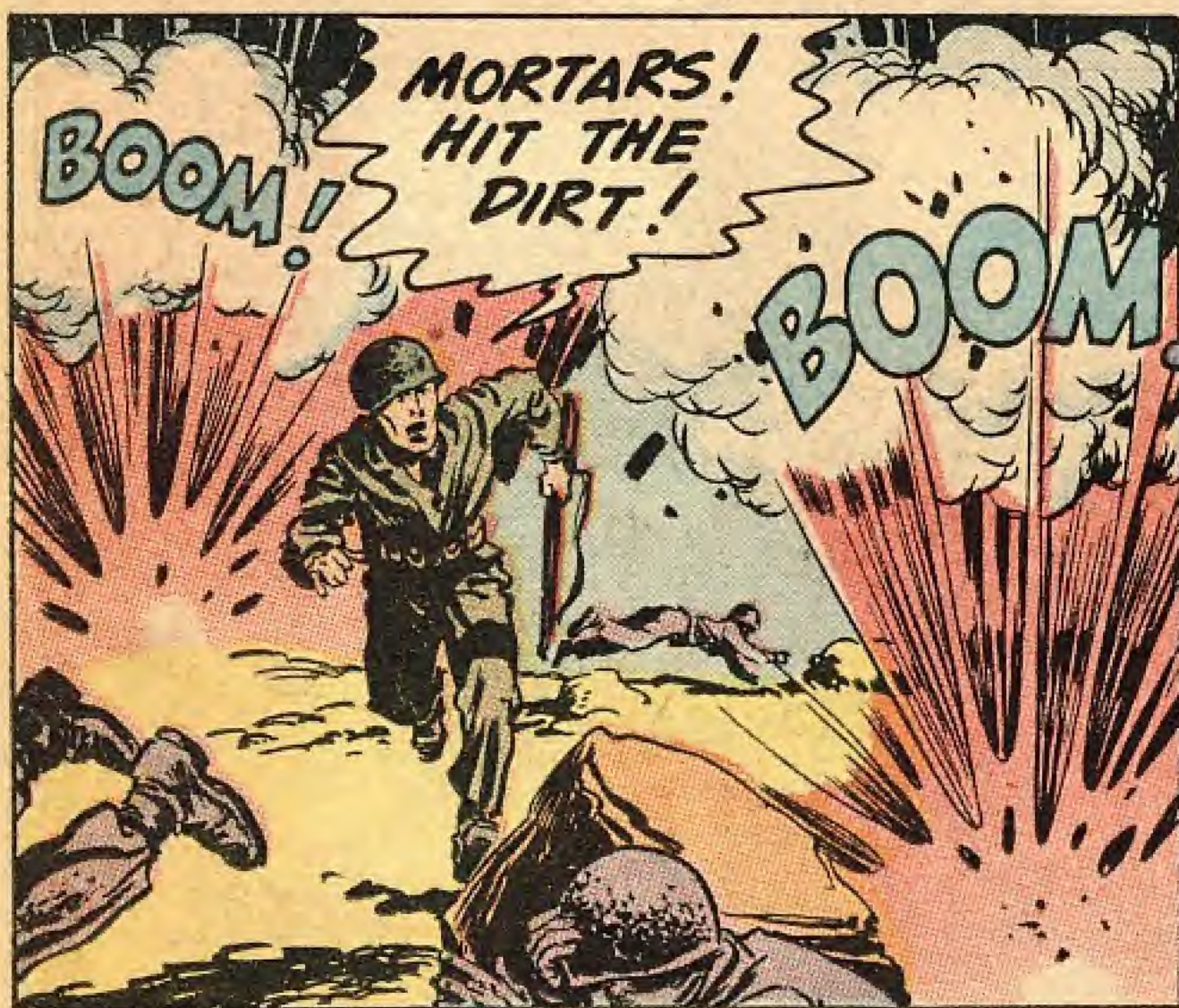


WHY DOESN'T HE SAY SOMETHING, SARGE? WHY DOESN'T HE SLAP THEM DOWN? THOSE LITTLE—

SAM DOESN'T HAVE TO SAY A THING, JOE. THE REDS'LL SAY IT FOR HIM! IN THE MONTH THE KIDS HAVE BEEN HERE THEY HAVEN'T FIRED A SHOT!



Y'KNOW, MY OLD MAN IS ONLY TWO YEARS OLDER THAN SAM! IT'S JUST LIKE HAVING MY FATHER FOR AN ARMY BUDDY!



BOOM! MORTARS! HIT THE DIRT!

BOOM!



KNOCK IT OFF, CRANDELL! IF YOU CAN'T SEE 'EM, DON'T WASTE AMMUNITION!

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK!

THERE'RE REDS OUT THERE, SARGE, AN' I'M GONNA GET MY SHARE!



YOU'RE NOT IN YOUR HIGH SCHOOL PLAYGROUND, CRANDELL! CEASE FIRE!

O-KAY, SERGEANT, OKAY!

LOOKS BAD, MULVANEY! THEY'VE GOT US OUTNUMBERED—THAT'S FOR SURE!

HEY, SAM, SARGE! THEY STOPPED FIRING!

WE'RE TRAPPED AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT! **THIS IS IT, SAM!**



TWO HOURS PASS, AND NOT A SOUND FROM THE ENEMY POSITION...





THE DEADLY FIRE CONTINUES FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES. SOON, THE REDS ARE BEATEN OFF...

MULVANEY IS RIGHT. FOR SOON ENEMY MORTAR SHELLS RIP THE COUNTRYSIDE...



WE MUSTA KILLED AT LEAST HALF OF THEM!

YEAH, JOE, BUT THEY'RE NOT FINISHED! DOLLARS TO DONUTS THEY HIT US WITH MORTARS AGAIN!

I-I'VE NEVER SEEN... ANYTHING LIKE IT... I'M SCARED!

THOSE MORTARS AGAIN... THEY'LL KILL US!.. I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, KID! NO ONE WANTS TO DIE... AND WE'RE ALL SCARED!

NO! NO! I CAN'T TAKE IT! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

DON'T GO AFTER HIM, SAM! IT'S SUICIDE OUT THERE! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANOTHER MAN!

COME BACK! COME BACK!

PUSHING MULVANEY ASIDE, "ANCIENT SAM" RACES AFTER MILTON, AND FINALLY...

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, SAM RETURNS TO THE AMERICAN LINES...



WELL, HOW'S IT FEEL NOW? NOT FUNNY ANY MORE, IS IT? YA CALLED HIM "ANCIENT SAM," BUT ALL HE DID WAS SAVE YOUR LOUSY HIDES!

LEAVE THEM ALONE, SARGE. THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT! WE ALL WENT THROUGH THIS... NOW, C'MON, SARGE, LET'S FIGURE A WAY OUTA THIS MESS!



NOW LISTEN, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO LOSE! THE REDS WON'T DARE ATTACK TONIGHT-- THEY LOST TOO MANY MEN! HERE'S WHAT WE DO!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

THEY'LL STORM OUR POSITION THINKING THAT WE'LL USE THE SAME TACTICS AS YESTERDAY... WAITING FOR THEM TO DRAW NEAR BEFORE FIRING. BUT AS SOON AS THEY REACH THOSE DUMMIES, WE'LL BLAST 'EM WITH THE DYNAMITE WE PLANTED LAST NIGHT!

IF ANYONE FIRES BEFORE WE SET OFF THIS CHARGE, S'HELP ME, I'LL PUT A SLUG THROUGH HIS NOGGIN'!

AS SOON AS SHE BLOWS, LET LOOSE WITH EVERYTHING! EASY NOW... THEY'RE GETTIN' CLOSER...

NOW!

VROOM! RAT TAT TAT CRACK

THE BLOODY BATTLE IS SOON OVER, AND THE ENTIRE RED FORCE IS ANNIHILATED...

ER, SAM... MR... ER, I MEAN CORPORAL HARRIS, WALT AND I ARE SORRY...

FORGET IT, HARVEY, I DID THE SAME THING WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE!

LET'S GO, GUYS! THE LOOTENANT'LL WORRY!

SOME HOURS LATER, THE WEARY "FIRST" ARRIVES AT "BAKER" COMPANY AND THEIR BUDDIES RUN OUT TO GREET THEM...

HI, WALT! HI, HARVEY! BOY! YOU MUSTA REALLY BEEN THROUGH SOMETHIN'!

YEAH, AN' I SEE "ANCIENT SAM" MADE IT, TOO! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, GRANDPOP?

HA, SEE WHAT I MEAN, MULVANEY? BUT YOU CAN'T GIVE UP! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF KIDS BACK HOME THAT'LL GROW UP JUST LIKE THEM-- AND I KNOW THEY'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

The End

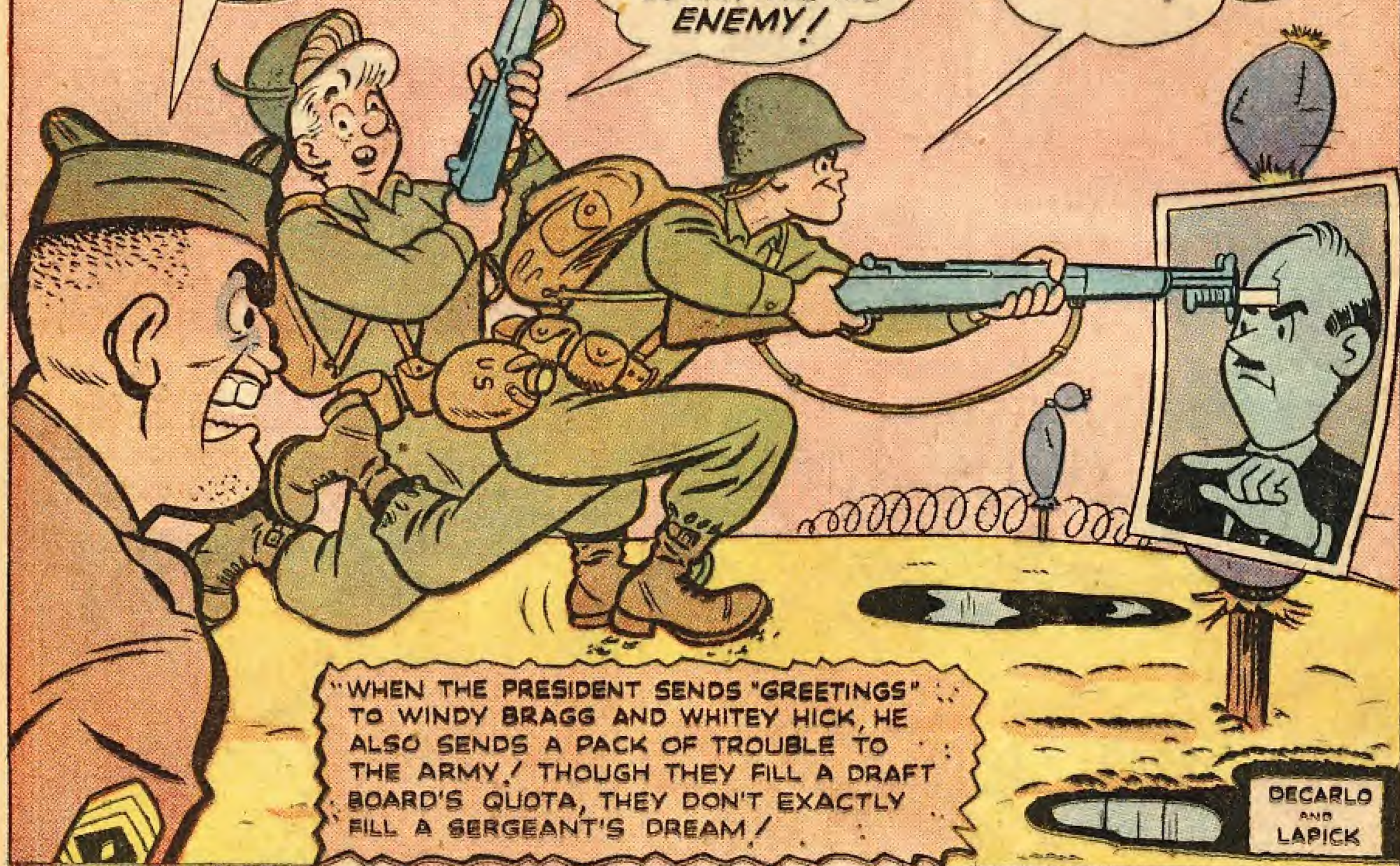
The YARDBIRDS

**DRAFT
BAIT!**

HEY! WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF PUTTING THAT
MAN'S PICTURE ON THE
BAYONET DUMMY?

SARGE, YOU
TOLD US TO
PRETEND THE
DUMMY WAS THE
ENEMY!

AND THAT'S A
PHOTO OF THE HEAD
OF OUR DRAFT
BOARD!



"WHEN THE PRESIDENT SENDS 'GREETINGS'
TO WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICK, HE
ALSO SENDS A PACK OF TROUBLE TO
THE ARMY! THOUGH THEY FILL A DRAFT
BOARD'S QUOTA, THEY DON'T EXACTLY
FILL A SERGEANT'S DREAM!"

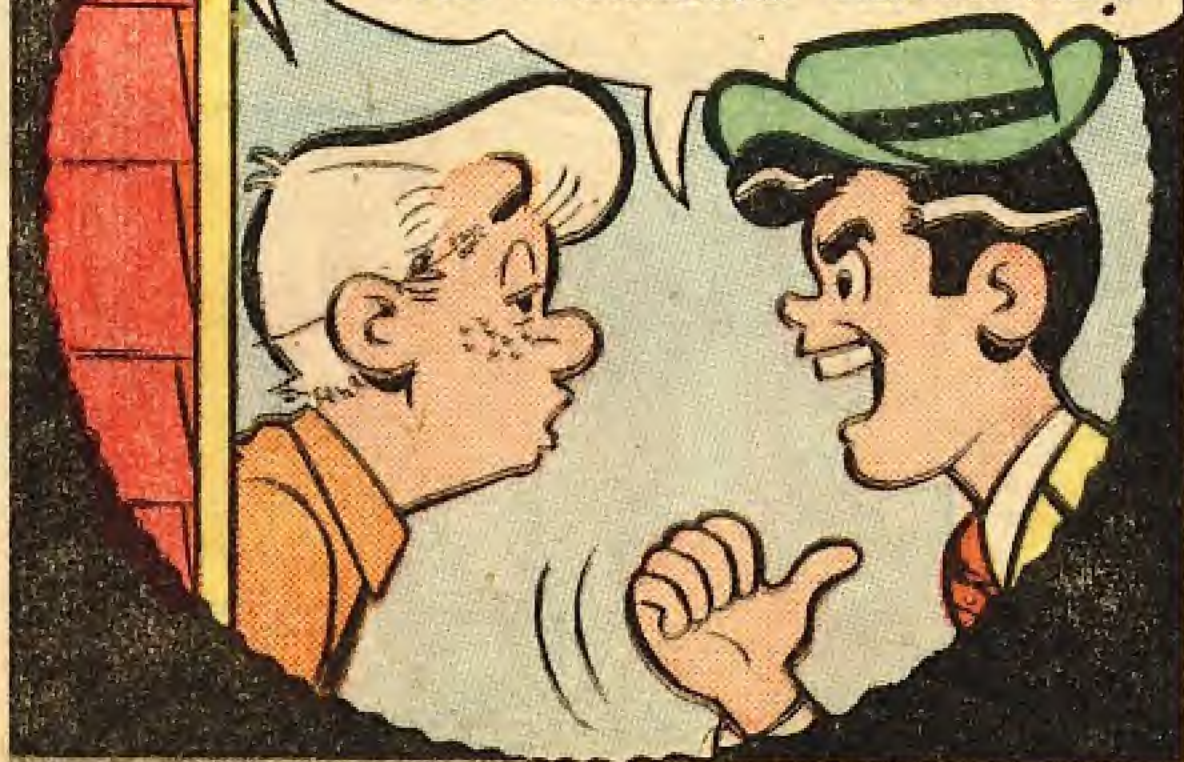
DECARLO
AND
LAPICK

THIS JOB OF SELLING "FARMER'S ALMANACS"
IS A CITY BOY'S DREAM! I LIVE IN NEW YORK
AND HEAD SOUTH FOR THE WINTER TO
PEDDLE THEM TO RUBES!
HOPE THIS **WHITEY
HICK** IS HOME!



YUP?
WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?

NOT AS MUCH AS *I* CAN DO
FOR *YOU*! I HAVE HERE A
LITTLE BOOK THAT'S THE
ANSWER TO A FARMER'S
PRAYER! NO FARM IS
COMPLETE WITHOUT A SECOND
MORTGAGE AND A COPY OF
THE FARMER'S ALMANAC!





NO, THANKS!
I DON'T WANT
ANY!

I'LL
COME
RIGHT
IN!



WHAT CAN A CITY
FELLOW LIKE YOU
KNOW ABOUT
FARMING?

BELIEVE ME, I CAN CALL
A SPADE A SPADE! NOW
LET'S SEE WHAT THE
ALMANAC SAYS WILL
HAPPEN TO YOU TODAY ---IF
IT'S WRONG DON'T
BUY IT!



GOSH, I WAS
SORTA WORRYING
ABOUT MY FUTURE
SINCE I REGISTERED
FOR THE DRAFT!
WHAT'S IT SAY?

IT SAYS,
THIS WILL
BE A
**GREAT
DAY FOR
YOU!**

TWEET!



'LO, MR.
FARLEY!

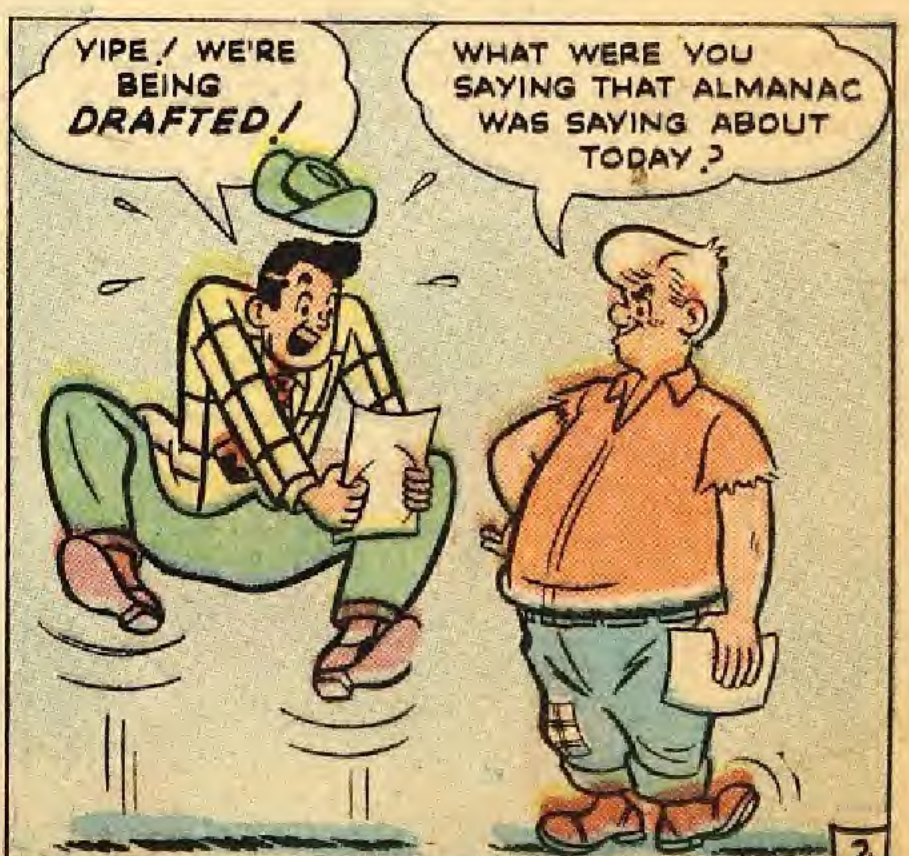
HERE'S A LETTER
FOR YOU, WHITEY!
LOOKS **OFFICIAL!**
AND I GOT ONE
HERE FOR A **WINDY
BRAGG**, IN CARE
OF YOU!

**WINDY
BRAGG**...
THAT'S ME!
I KNEW THIS
FARM WAS ON
MY ROUTE AND
HAD MY MAIL
FORWARDED HERE
SO I WOULDN'T MISS
MY UNEMPLOYMENT
INSURANCE!



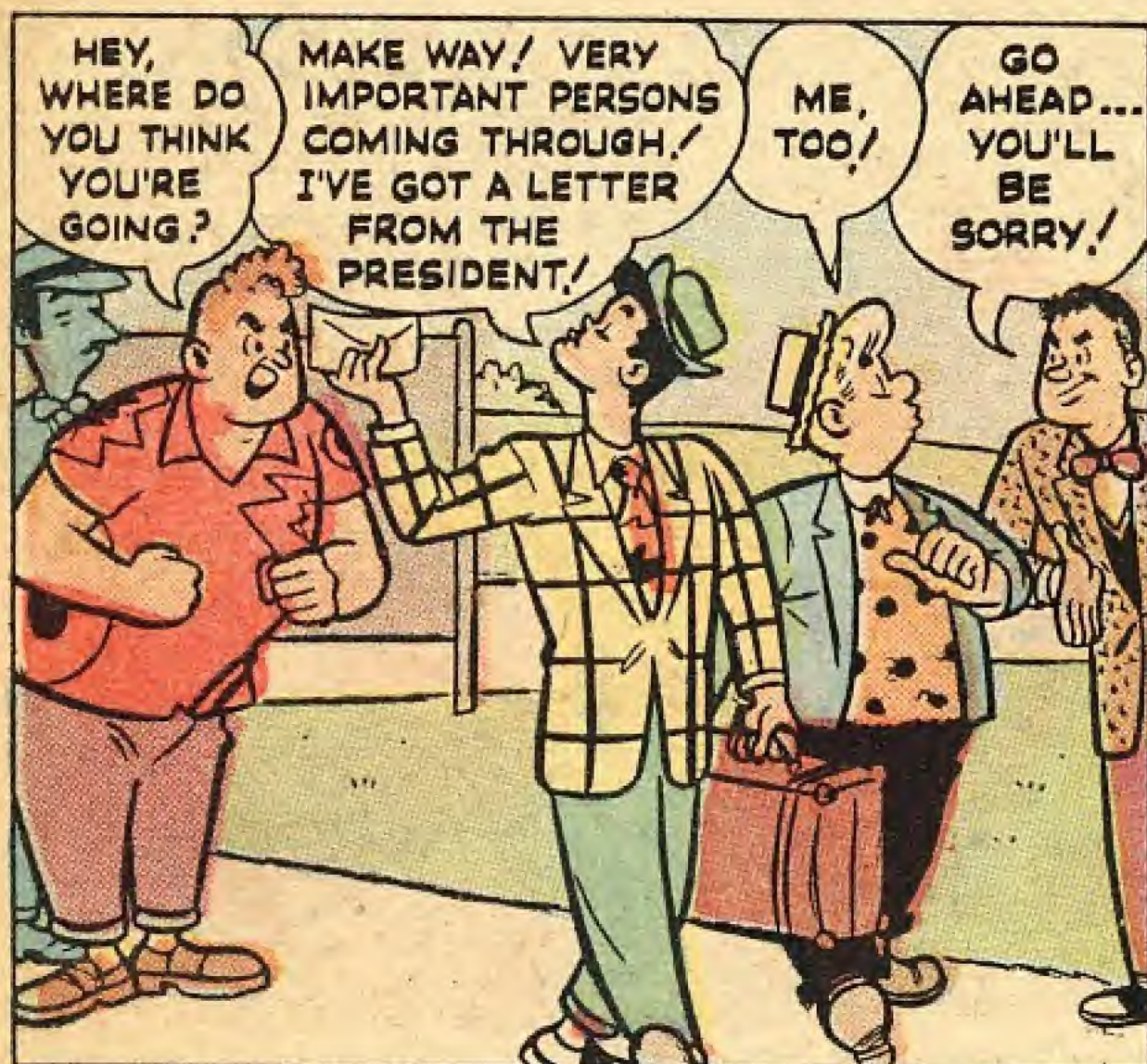
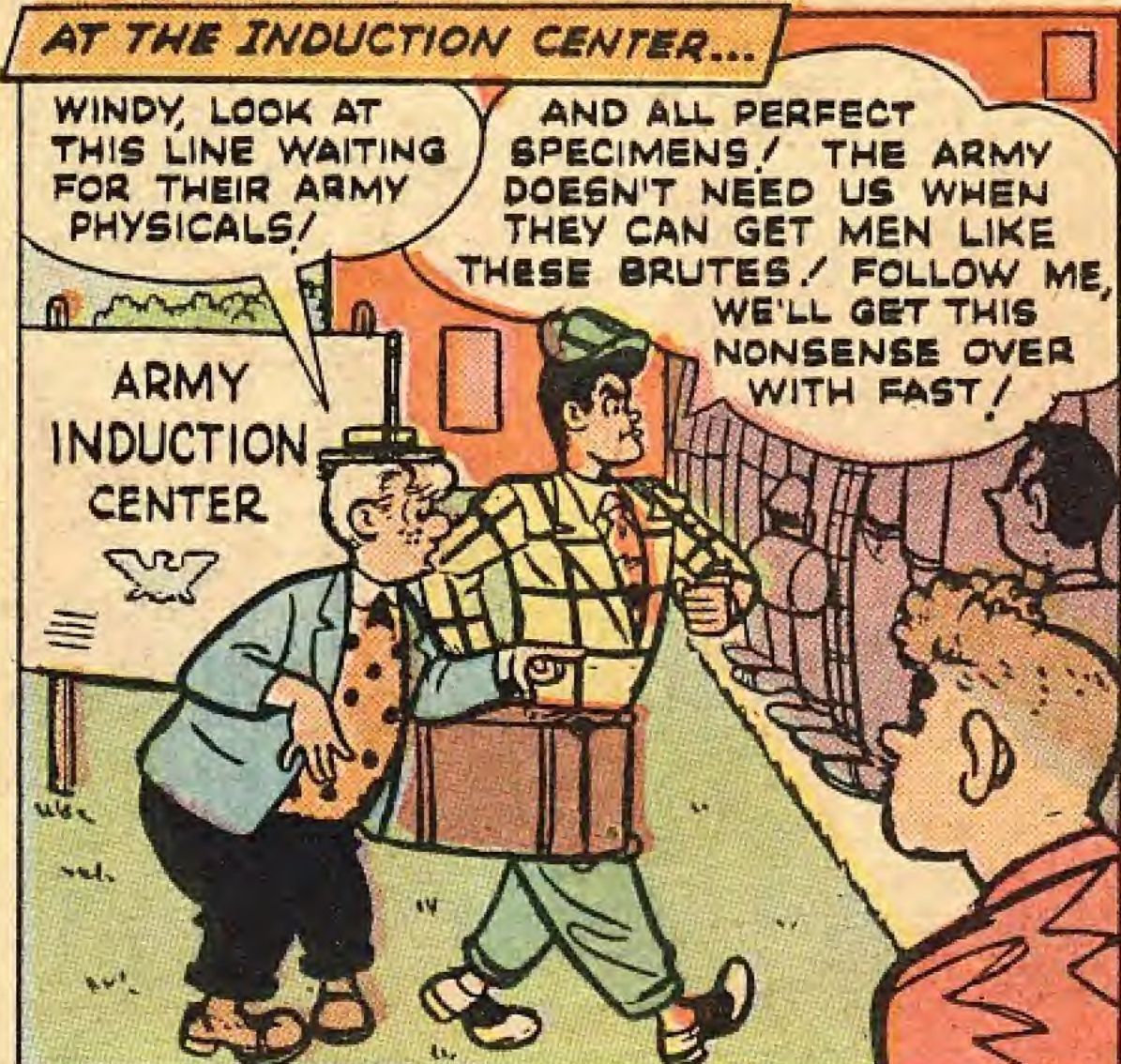
SAY, THIS STARTS OFF NICE
AND FRIENDLY-- "GREETINGS!
YOU WILL REPORT TO THE
NEAREST ARMY INDUCTION
CENTER FOR A PHYSICAL ---"

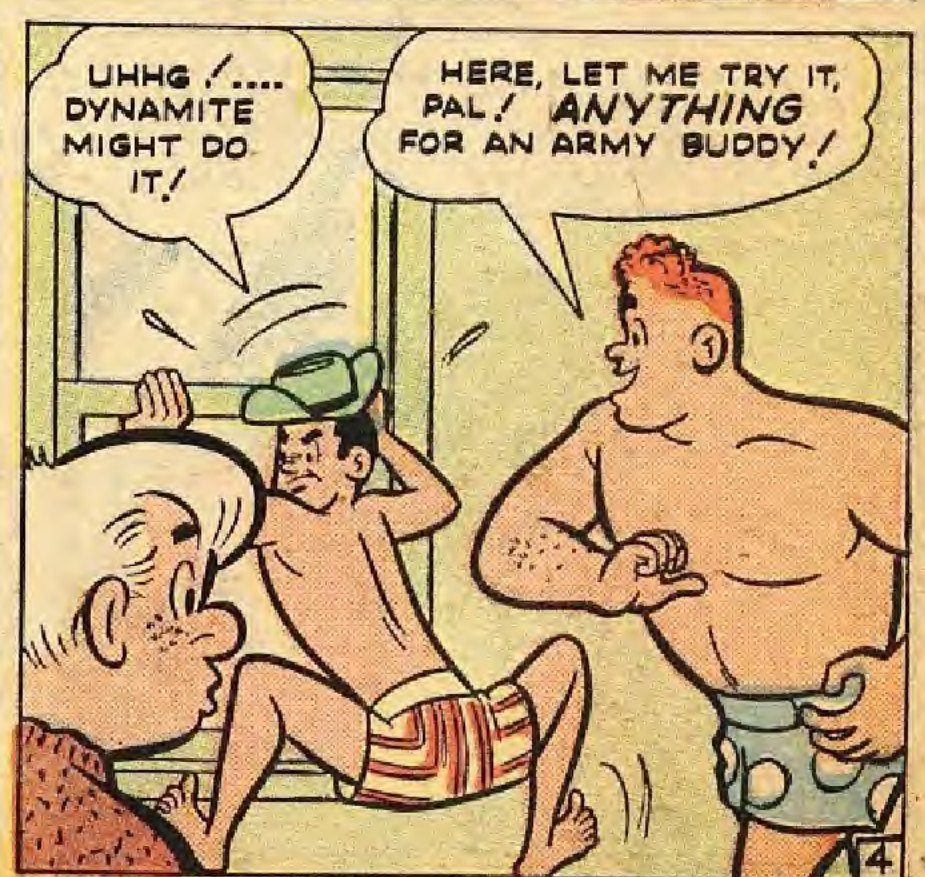
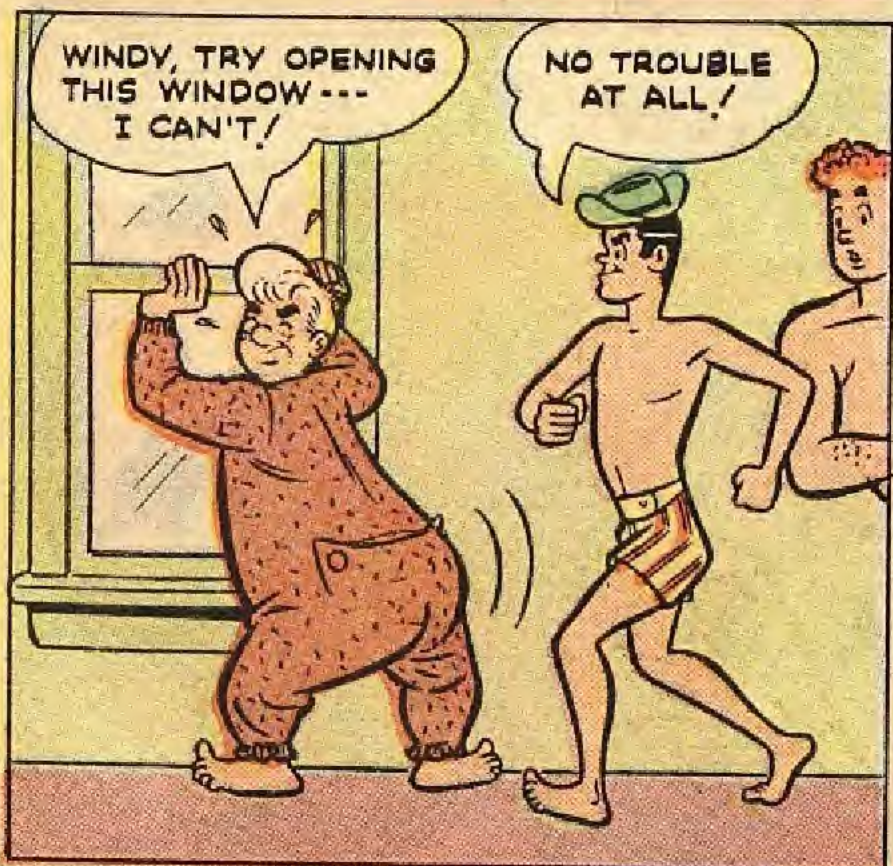
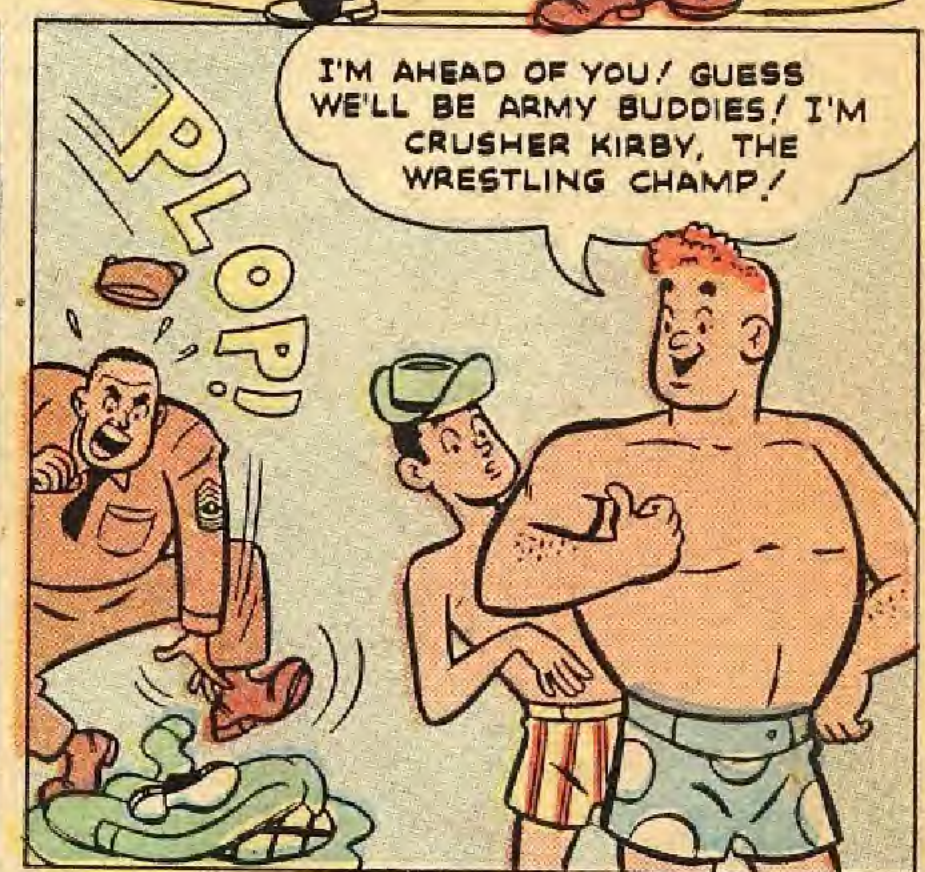
"--- AND IF
CLASSIFIED 1-A,
YOU WILL BE
INDUCTED INTO
THE SERVICE!"

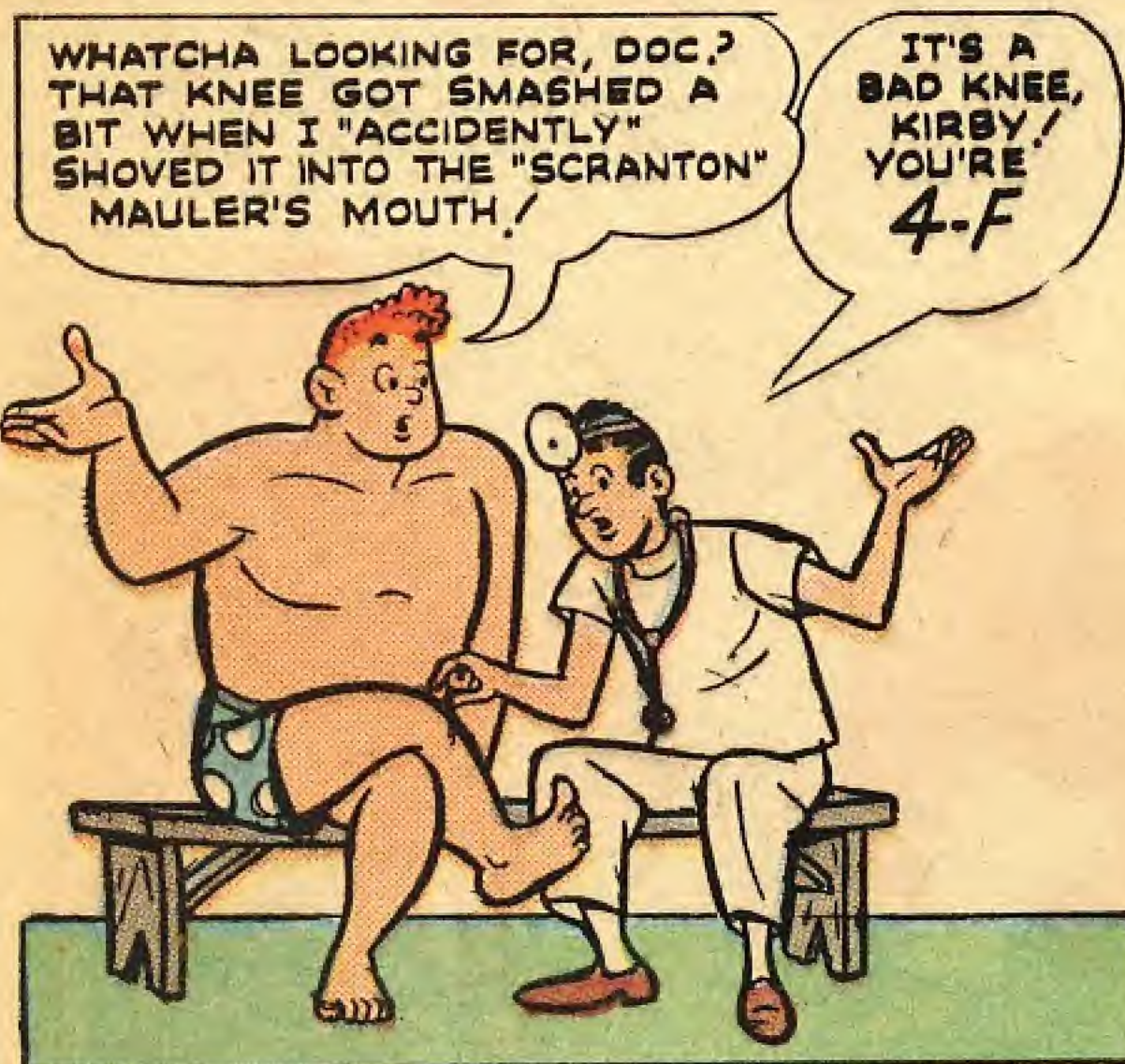
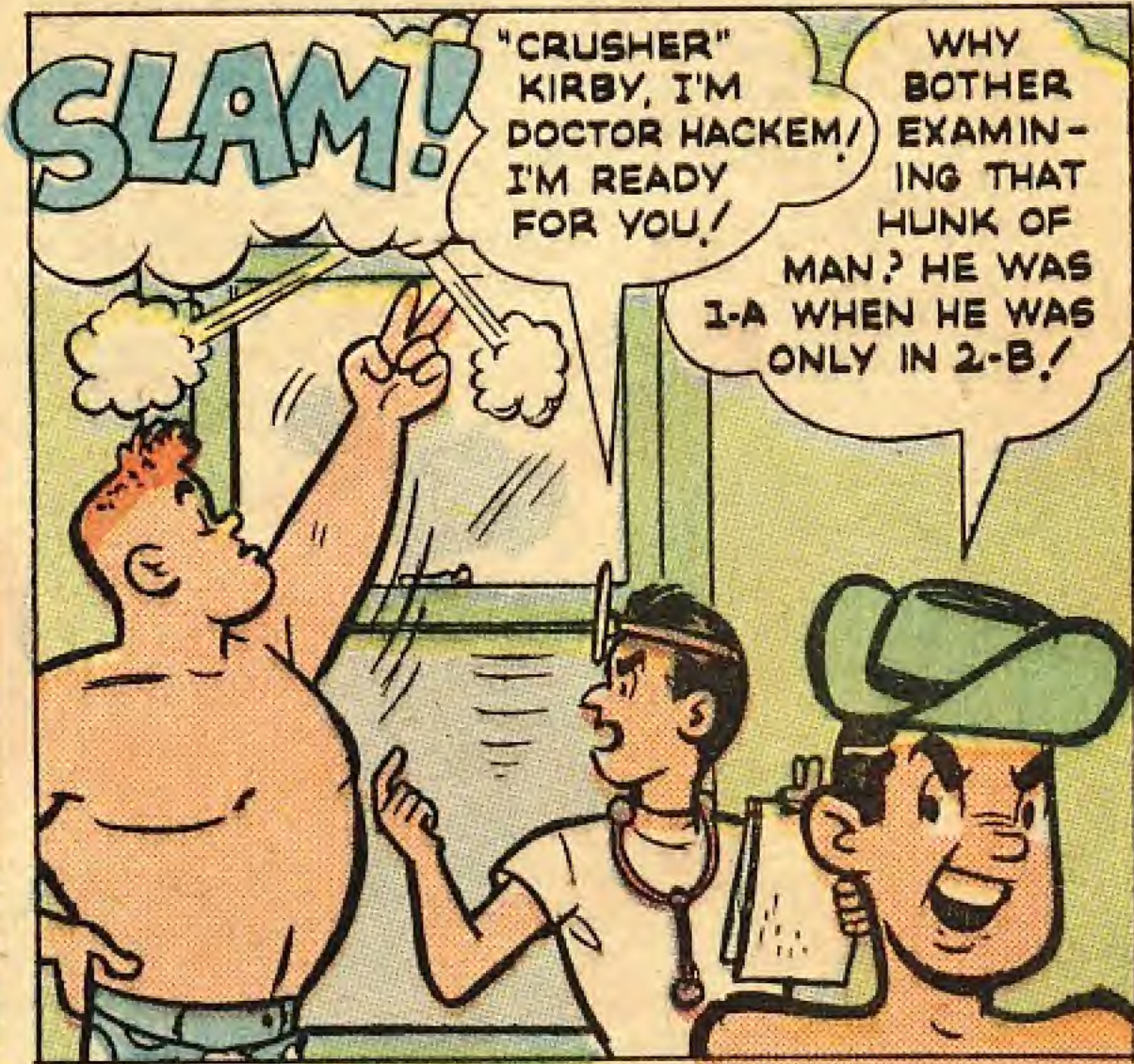


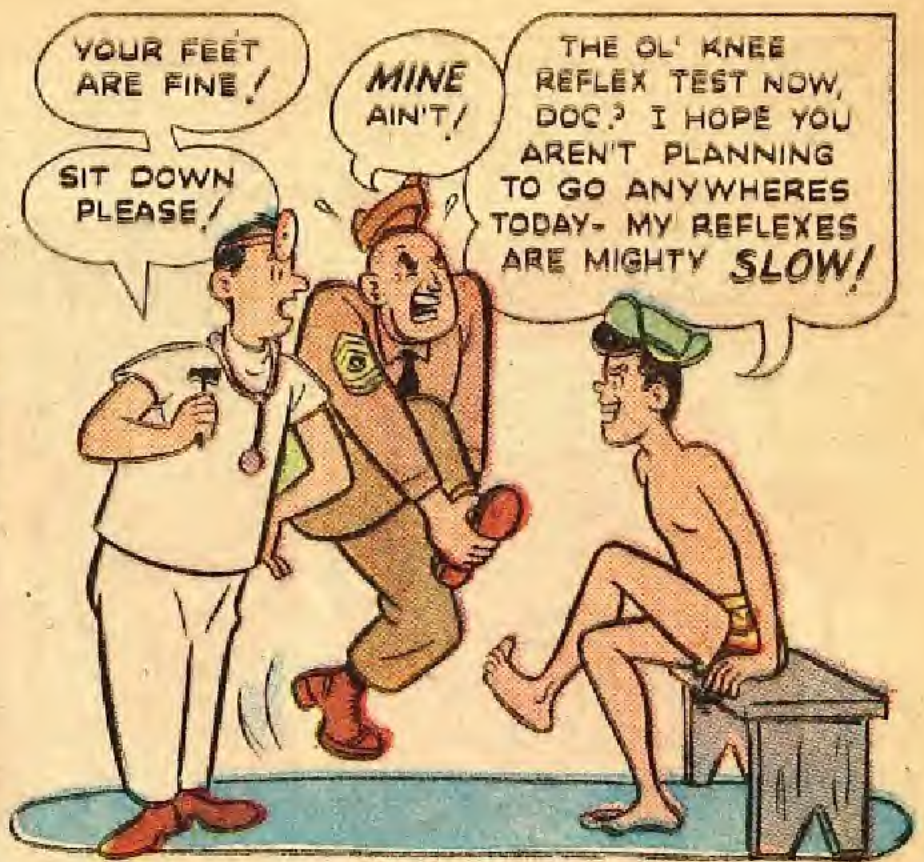
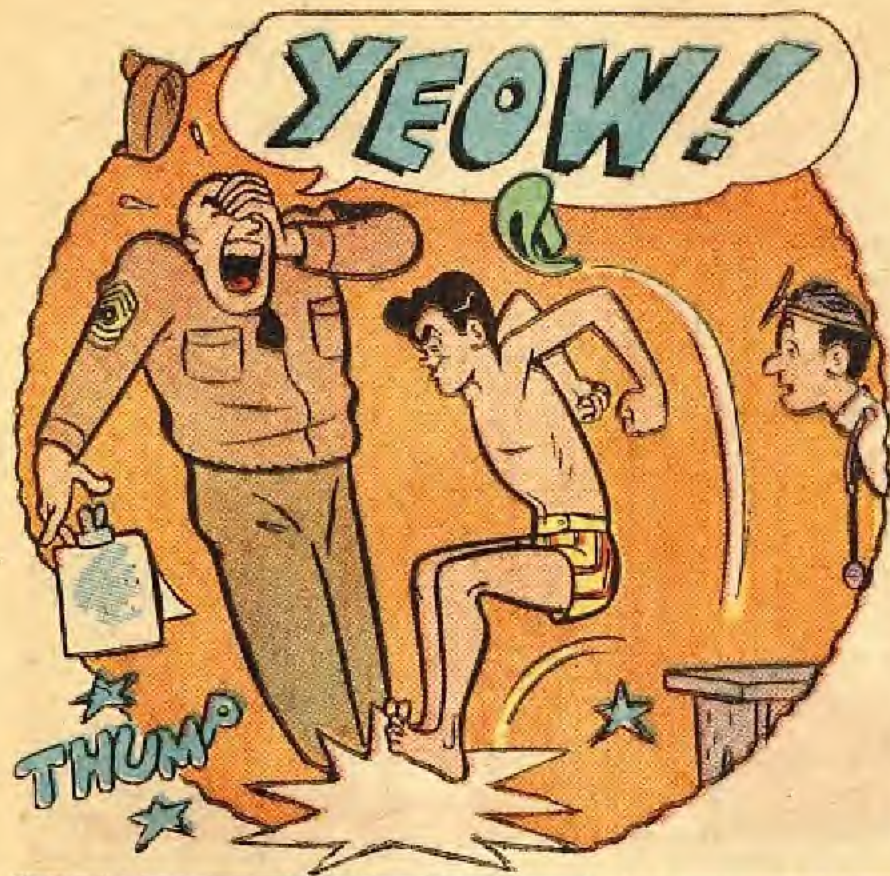
YIPE! WE'RE
BEING
DRAFTED!

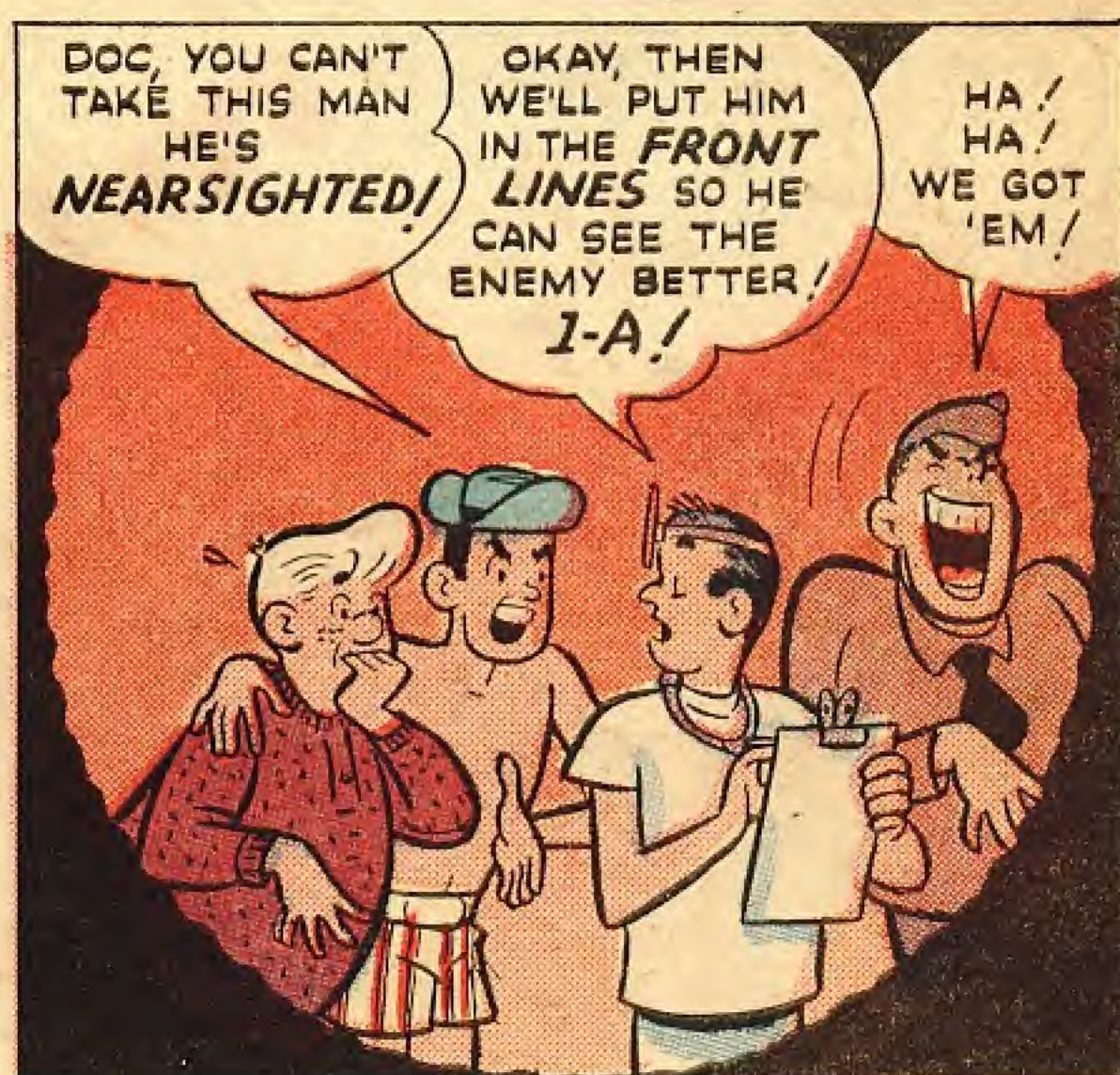
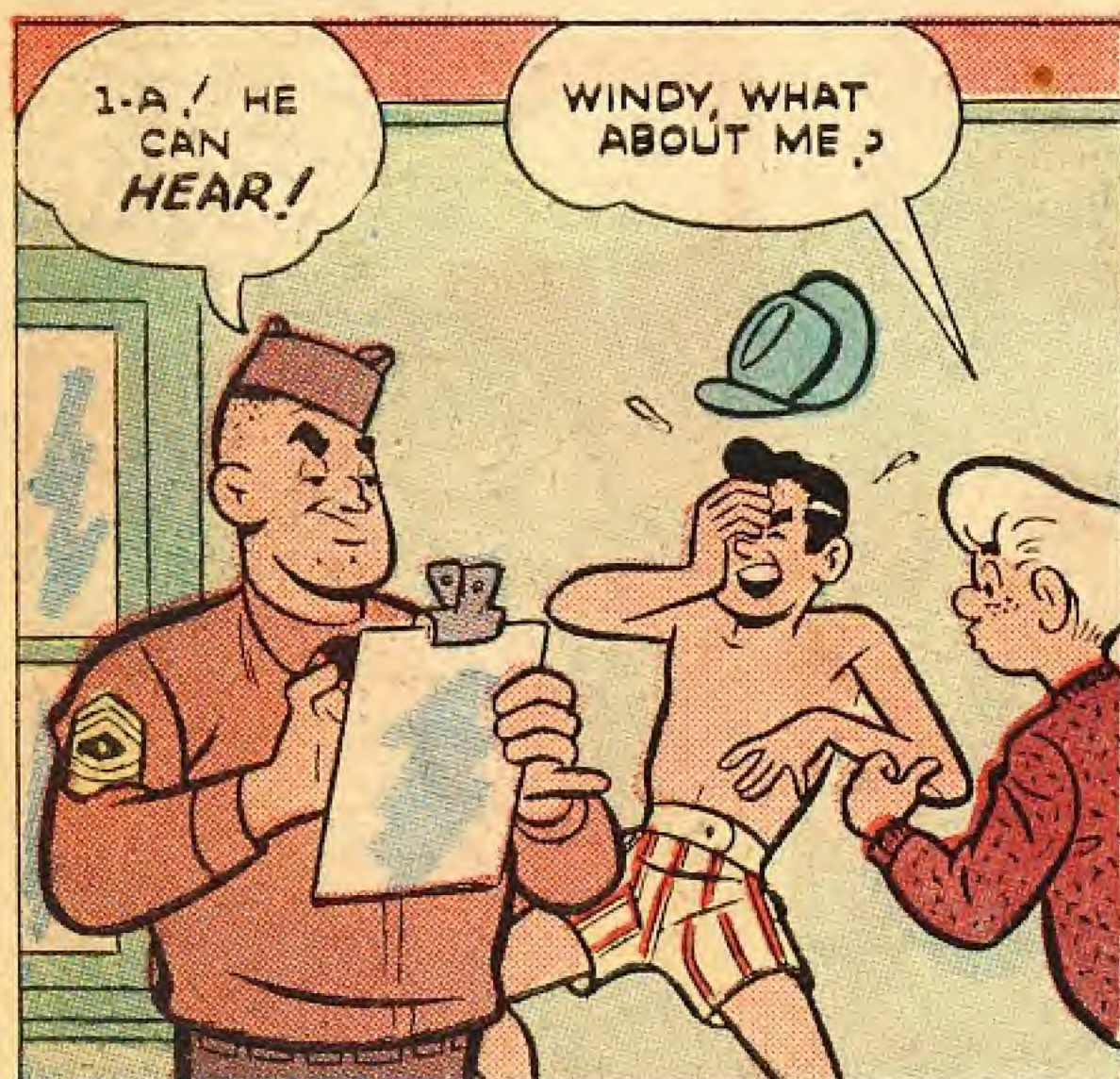
WHAT WERE YOU
SAYING THAT ALMANAC
WAS SAYING ABOUT
TODAY?











NOT THEM GUYS! THEY CAN GO **HOME** NOW! YOU TWO MEN ARE THE **LAST TWO** WE NEED TO FILL THIS MONTH'S QUOTA! THEY'LL BE SAFE FOR ANOTHER MONTH!

THE END

"BAKER" COMPANY HAS BEEN AT THE FRONT FOR OVER A MONTH. NOW THE TIRED MEN TAKE A WELL-EARNED REST IN A CAMP SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. BUT THEY CAN'T HELP NOTICING THE NEW ARRIVAL — A RAW RECRUIT NAMED BOB CRAIG. FOR CRAIG IS THE STRANGEST SOLDIER THESE COMBAT-HARDENED VETERANS HAVE EVER SEEN...

G.I. Joe

The **BABY** of COMPANY "B"



I TELL YA, JOE, HE DON'T SAY NOthin' NEVER PLAYS CARDS, DON'T SMOKE, HASN'T ANY PIN-UPS! HE'S NOT LIKE US GUYS! AN' I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRUIN' LAST NIGHT!

AW, HE'S JUST LONELY, SARGE! WEREN'T WE ALL LIKE THAT WHEN WE CAME HERE? BUT NOW WE KNOW KOREA BETTER'N WE DO OUR OWN COUNTRY! CRAIG'S JUST HOMESICK!

HOMESICK? MAYBE HE AIN'T GOT A HOME! HE NEVER GETS OR WRITES LETTERS! SOMETHIN'S FISHY, JOE! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A GI LIKE THAT!

C'MON, SARGE — LET'S GO TALK TO HIM!

HI, BOB! JUST THOUGHT WE'D KEEP YOU COMPANY!

YEAH! WHERE YA FROM, CRAIG? MAYBE YOU'RE FROM MY NECK OF THE WOODS — NEW ENGLAND!

NONE OF YOUR LOUSY BUSINESS!





OKAY, OKAY!
YOU DON'T HAVE
T'BITE MY HEAD
OFF, BOBBIE!

WHY,
YOU--



SORRY I
HAD TO HIT
YA, KID!

WHAT EVER MADE YOU
JUMP AT THE SARGE?
HE DIDN'T DO
NOTHIN!

JUST
DON'T CALL
ME BOBBIE!
UNDERSTAND?



LISTEN, KID...
WE WON'T EVEN
CALL YOU
BUDDY!

LAY OFF, SARGE!
HE'S JUMPY, THAT'S
ALL! AN BOBBIE'S
A KID'S NAME!



WITHOUT A WORD, BOB CRAIG SLOWLY WALKS AWAY.

HE'S SCREWY,
I SWEAR
HE IS!

C'MON, SARGE!
LET'S SIT IN ON
THE POKER
GAME.



THE NEXT MORNING, LT. PARKER CALLS THE
PLATOON TOGETHER...

WELL, MEN, IT'S
BACK TO THE WARS! I
KNOW YOU MEN ARE
ENTITLED TO A FEW MORE
WEEKS REST, BUT
CASUALTIES HAVE BEEN
HEAVY. WE'RE BADLY
NEEDED!

AFTER A DAY'S MARCH, THE FIRST PLATOON REACHES THE COMBAT AREA...

SKI AND ROTHBLATT, SET UP YOUR MACHINE GUN! MULVANEY, WATCH THAT RIGHT FLANK! SEND OUT A PATROL TO SCOUT ENEMY POSITIONS!

YES, SIR!



TONY, HOOSIER, ZEB, JOE AND ER... CRAIG! WE'LL —

YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' THE KID ALONG — ARE YA, SARGE? THIS IS HIS FIRST TIME OUT!

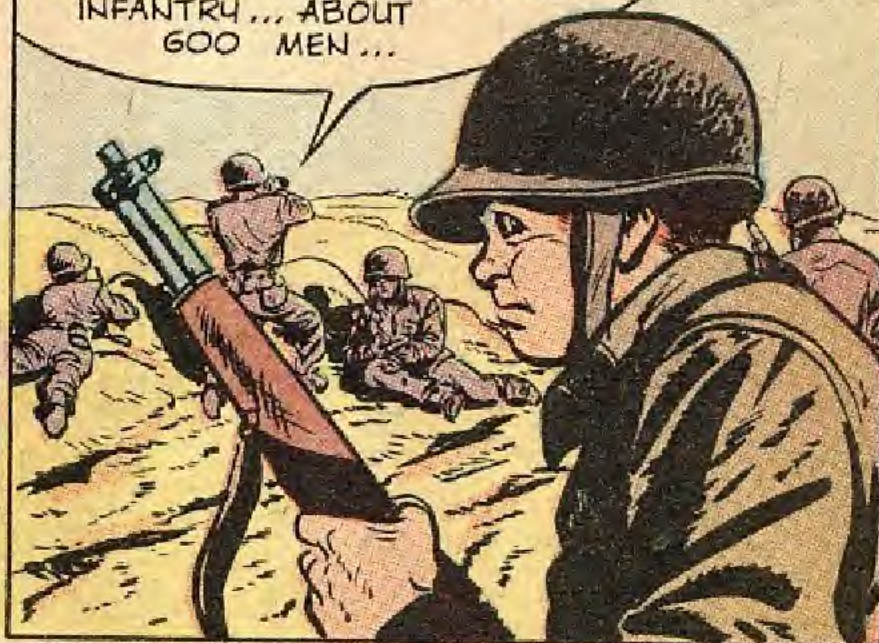


HE'S GOTTA LEARN SOMETIME, JOE!... LET'S GO, GUYS!



SLOWLY, THE SMALL PATROL MOVES FORWARD. FINALLY, MULVANEY STOPS THEM...

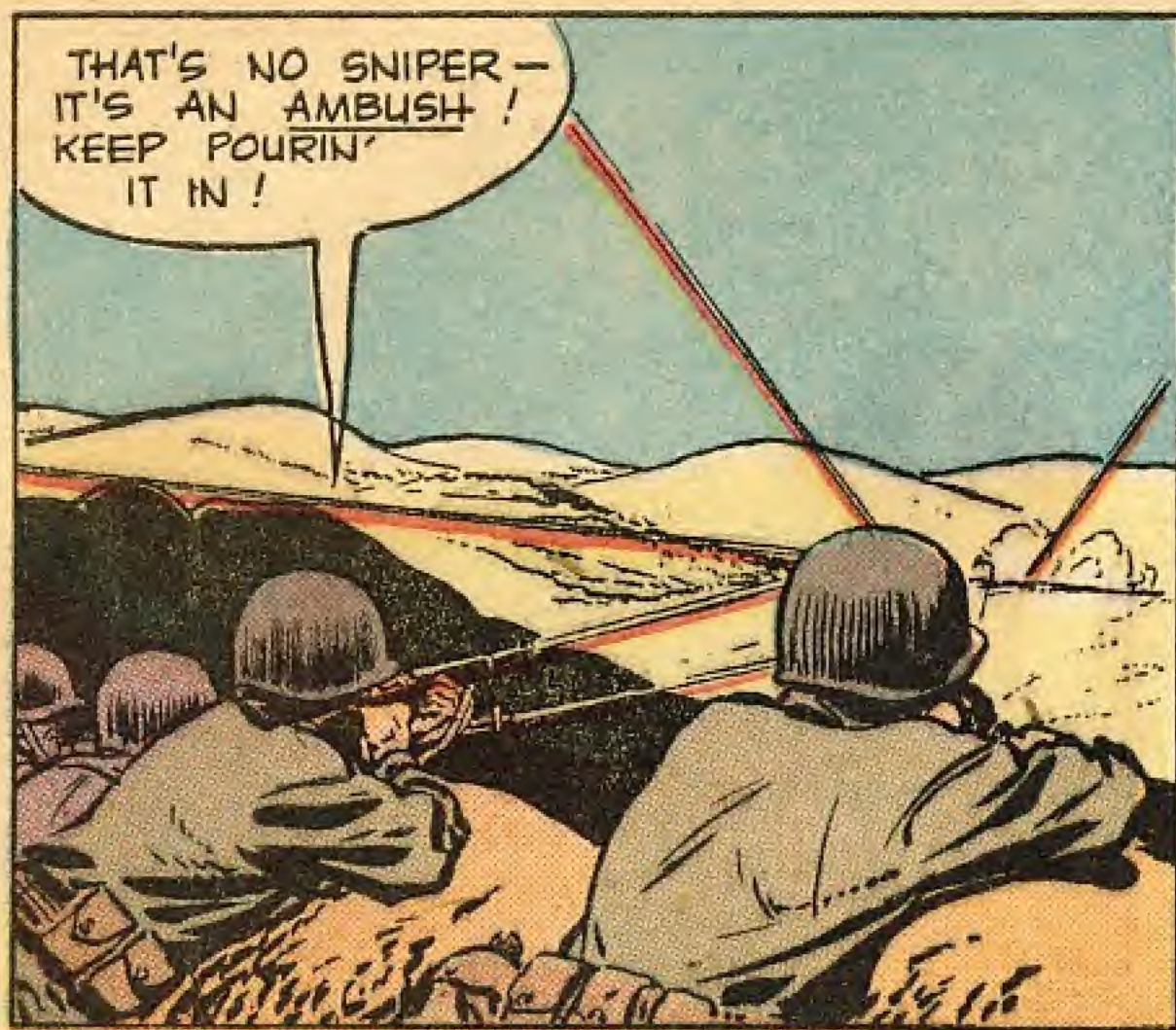
THIS IS IT! HOOSIER, WRITE DOWN WHAT I TELL YA! ENEMY TANKS MOBILIZED FOR BIG PUSH! MUST BE ABOUT...HMMM... THIRTY TO THIRTY-FIVE OF THEM! RED INFANTRY... ABOUT 600 MEN...



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE...

HIT THE DIRT! SNIPER!







ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!
THAT PATROL MUST BE
SAVED-- IF THEY'RE
STILL ALIVE! COOK,
YOU STAY HERE WITH
CRAIG! F'WARD
MARCH!



WE'RE OUTA AMMO,
SARGE! THE REDS
ARE CLOSIN' IN!

THE DIRTY, YELLOW,
CRAWLIN' SNAKE --
RUNNIN' OUT ON US...



WHAT'S THAT? JOE!
BOYS! IT'S THE
LOOTENANT! YAHOO!
WE'RE SAVED!

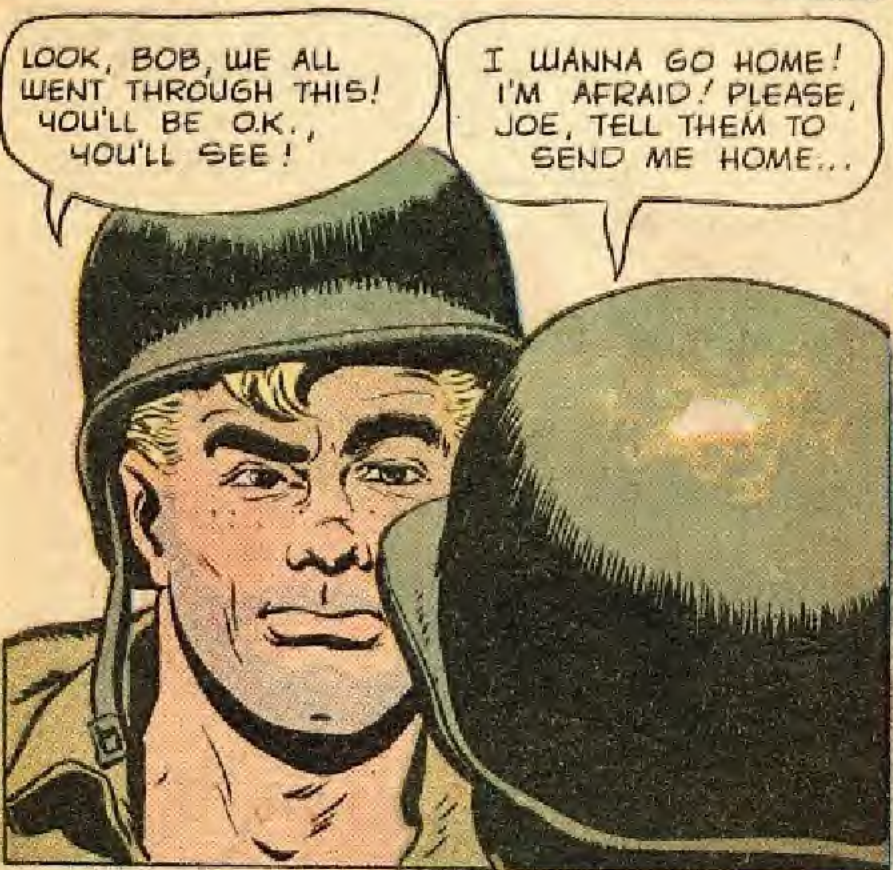


THE PLATOON RETURNS WITH THE FIVE WEARY
MEN. AND AS SOON AS MULVANEY SEES CRAIG...

HA RAT-- HA DIRTY
RAT! I'M GONNA
KILL
HA!

NO!
DON'T,
PLEASE!
I'M AFRAID!
--I-I WANNA
GO HOME!

SARGE! CUT IT
OUT! LEAVE
HIM ALONE!



LOOK, BOB, WE ALL
WENT THROUGH THIS!
YOU'LL BE O.K.,
YOU'LL SEE!

I WANNA GO HOME!
I'M AFRAID! PLEASE,
JOE, TELL THEM TO
SEND ME HOME...



ARTILLERY!

I'M AFRAID!
I WANNA GO
HOME!



DON'T TAKE ME BACK, JOE! I WANT OUT, I--



I COULD BRAIN 4A, JOE -- RISKIN' HER NECK FER THAT--

HE'S SCARED, SARGE, JUST A SCARED KID! HE DON'T BELONG IN THIS MAN'S ARMY... HE'S JUST A KID!



THE BATTLE ENDS AS U.S. AIRCRAFT SMASHES THE ENEMY. SOON, THE FIRST PLATOON IS BACK AT A REST CAMP...

...I'M TELLIN' 4A, SARGE, HE DON'T CRY LIKE A MAN! THINK BACK... HE DOESN'T SMOKE, PLAY CARDS, NO PIN-UPS, NO LETTERS, AND DID YOU NOTICE? HE DON'T SHAVE!

YEAH -- I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, JOE, MAYBE HE IS A--

SAY, SARGE, CAP'N KING WANTS 4A!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN CAPTAIN KING'S TENT...

SAY, MULVANEY, DID YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A BABY IN YOUR PLATOON? WELL, MAMA WROTE, AND SHE WANTS HIM HOME! GET HIM OUT... NAME'S CRAIG... HE'S FIFTEEN YEARS OLD!



OKAY, CRAIG, YOU DON'T WANT THE ARMY... WELL, THE ARMY DON'T WANT YOU! THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T SUPPLY US WITH DIAPERS! G'WAN HOME TO HER MAMA!

GEE, SERGEANT! HOW CAN I EVER MAKE UP FOR WHAT I DID TO YOU GUYS!

FORGET IT, KID! YOU TRIED YOUR BEST!



SUDDENLY, THE BURST OF ARTILLERY, THE ROAR OF TANKS! A SURPRISE ENEMY ATTACK!

THE REDS ARE HERE! FIND HERSELF A HIDING PLACE, CRAIG. I DON'T WANT A DEAD CIVILIAN ON MY HANDS!

I'M NOT A CIVILIAN YET, SARGE! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! THIS'LL BE MY LAST FIGHT... EITHER WAY!





DID I DO ALL RIGHT, SARGE... DID I MAKE UP FOR RUNNING AWAY?

YOU WERE GREAT, BUDDY! NOW, C'MON LEMME CARRY YA BACK!



SOME WEEKS LATER IN A FIELD HOSPITAL...

SAY, BOB, WE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YA! THEY'RE GIVIN' YA THE BRONZE STAR! CAP'N KING SAYS HE'LL OVERLOOK THE FACT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE IN THERE FIGHTIN'! BESIDES, YOUR PAPERS HADN'T COME YET!

YEAH, AN' ALL THE GUYS ARE STILL TALKIN' ABOUT YOU! THAT WAS THE GREATEST ONE-MAN SHOW WE EVER SAW!

GEE, I FEEL LIKE... BAWLIN'!



GO AHEAD, BOB! CRYIN' NEVER HURT NOBODY!

YEAH... (SNIFF)... IT SURE NEVER DID!



FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS, BOB CRAIG STARTS OFF FOR HOME...

YOU'RE OKAY, BOB! WE'RE ALL PROUD OF YOU!

WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH, DON'T FORGET TO COME BACK TO THE ARMY, BOB! THAT'S THE ONLY DECENT OUTFIT FOR A MAN!

I GUESS THEY'RE ALL OKAY—BUT I OWE A LOT TO THE ARMY!... SO LONG! BUT I'LL BE BACK... AND, SAY, SARGE... YOU CAN CALL ME BOBBIE!



The End

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" ...



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

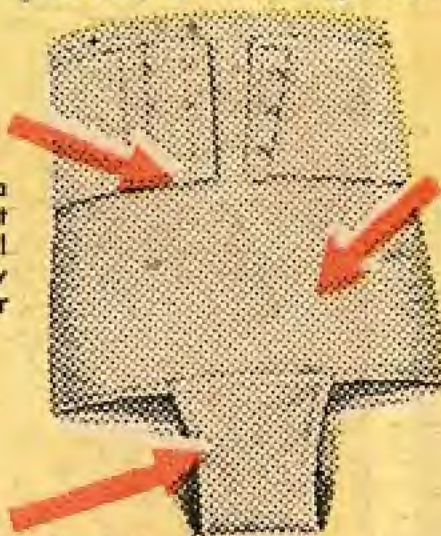
The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

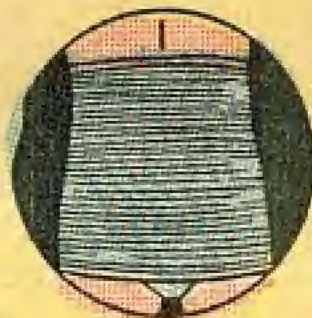


TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Rear View

FITS SNUG AT
SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

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...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!**



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."



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Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 376N 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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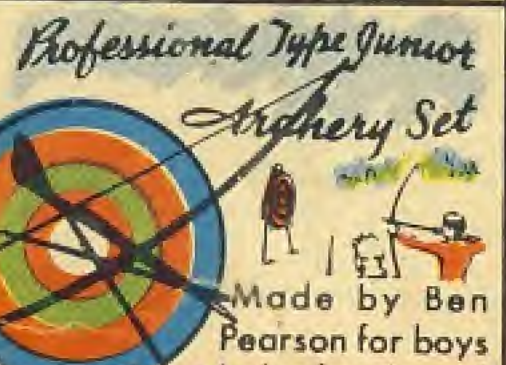
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